

HERE A LITTLE AND THERE A LITTLE:

OR,


SCRIPTURE FACTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PEEP OF DAY," "LINE UPON LIFE,"
"PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT."



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THIS WORLD.



ONCE there was a deaf and dumb boy who used to wonder how the world was made. As he was deaf, he had never heard anything, and as he was dumb, he could not ask any body. At last he was taught to understand signs with the fingers, and then he was told who made the world. How much delighted he was to find that God made the world—God, who is so very good.

What is God like? Nothing that you have seen. A picture of him could not be drawn because he has not a body like you and me; he is a spirit—he is everywhere. But there is one place in which he lives; it is called hea-

ven. I cannot tell you where it is. No bird could fly to that place; but angels often come down from heaven into this world.

And what are angels? They are spirits. There are good angels in heaven. Though they have no bodies, yet they shine like the sun. Who made the angels? It was God. Once God was alone in heaven. But he did not choose to be always alone. He made the angels. Some of them grew wicked, and he turned them out of heaven. Those wicked angels are called devils.

At last God made the world—this world in which we live. Of what did he make it? Of nothing. How did he make it? By speaking—he said, “Let there be light, and there was light.

This world is very large. What shape is it?

You have seen the moon—this world is the same shape as the moon. Do you think it is flat, like a plate, or a shilling? Oh, no; it is round, like an orange. Many children think the world is flat, and then they wonder what is at the edge of the world. They think to themselves, “If I were to travel a great way, at last I should come to the edge;” but they never would.

If a fly were walking on an orange, would it ever come to the edge? No; when it had gone a great way, it would come round to the same place again where it was at first; and so would you, if you were to travel a very long

way without ever turning back. If you could measure the world, you would find that it is twenty-five thousand miles around it.

Most of the world is covered over with the great sea, but part of it is dry land. Once the land was all bare, but God spoke, and it was covered with grass, and flowers, and trees, and corn. Once it was empty ; no one lived in it ; but God spoke, and fishes swam in the waters, and birds flew in the air, and reptiles crept upon the ground, and beasts walked there. But not one of all these creatures could understand. They could eat and drink, some could swim, some could climb, some could run, and some could sing, but not one could understand. Then God made a man. He took the dust of the ground, and made a body for the man ; and then he breathed into him, and he gave him a soul. The man could understand, and think of God. His name was called Adam. God took a rib out of his side, and made a woman ; and she, too, could think of God.

Can you, my dear child, think of God ? I am sure you can. You listen now that I am telling you about him. If I were to talk to a little dog, or to a cow, or to a sheep, about God, would it listen ? Oh, no. If I offered a dog some food, it would look up and seem pleasea, but it could not understand about God. What is the reason of this ? The dog has a body, but it has no soul. You, my

child, have a soul. God gave you a soul as well as a body.

I once heard of a little child of two years old, who said to her mother, "Who made me? some one must have made me." Her mother said, "It was God, my child." "*Then*," said the little darling, looking up quite pleased in her mother's face—"then I love him." And well she might love God, for he not only made her, but he did more than that for her. God sent his Son to die for her, and for you, and for me. Yes, my child, this is true; I cannot tell you all about it now, but some day I hope you will hear a great deal about God's kindness in sending his dear Son Jesus Christ into this world.

God loves us very much, and he wants us to be happy. The devil wants us to be unhappy. The devil hates us, but you need not be afraid of the devil. Ask God to help you, and no one can hurt you. Whenever you like, you may speak to God. He is always near, and can hear you. I know you have done many naughty things, but God is willing to forgive you.

Here is a little prayer just fit for you and me: "O heavenly Father, forgive me, for the sake of thy dear Son Jesus Christ."

A minister once came to see a child who was dying. He saw that the child wanted to speak to him. He stooped down to listen to its

weak voice, and he heard it say, "God is love!"

If you have a Bible at home, you may read in the beginning of the book about God making the world.

BEHOLD the daisy where you tread,
That little lowly thing ;
Behold the insects overhead,
That play about in spring :
Though we may think them mean and
Yet God takes notice of them all.

And will he not as surely make
A feeble child his care ?
Yes ; Jesus died for children's sake,
And loves the infant's prayer.
God made the stars and daisies, too,
And watches over them and you.

THE OLD SERPENT.

WHEN children are very little, they begin to do wrong. A child will sometimes, when its mother is not looking, slyly take a pinch of sugar out of the basin ; or when its mother is out of the room, it has been known to go to the cupboard and help itself to sugar, fruit, or nice red jam. Is it not very naughty in these little children to behave in this way ? But this is not all. When a little child is caught in doing wrong, it will often tell lies. If the mother finds it at the cupboard, it will say it has not taken anything, when it has. It would be well if children were ashamed of their naughtiness. but they will often laugh about it. When I have spoken about stealing, I have seen children look at each other and laugh. How wicked that was !

Is it *children* only who are wicked ? Do not men and women do many wrong things ? Yes ; there are men and women who swear, who cheat, who call names, and tell lies. How is it people are so wicked ? Did God make them wicked ? Oh, no ! God is good ; he never made anybody wicked. It is the

devil who makes people wicked. I will tell you how he made the first man and woman wicked. Their names were Adam and Eve. God made their bodies out of the dust of the ground. He gave them souls as well as bodies; and they could think of him, and understand what he said. Beasts and birds have no souls: they cannot think of God. Adam and Eve were very good. They loved each other, and they loved God better still. They were very happy. They lived in a sweet garden, called the Garden of Eden—or Paradise. You never saw such a garden as that.

It was full of fruit trees. God allowed them to eat the fruit. But he told them not to eat of the fruit of one tree which grew in the middle of the garden. He said, if they ate the fruit of that tree they should die.

The devil did not like to see Adam and Eve so happy. He is very miserable himself, and he wishes everybody to be miserable. Once he was a good angel, and lived with God, but he grew wicked, and was cast down to hell. The devil came into the Garden of Eden. He is called the Old Serpent, because, he is so sly. He said to Eve, "Has God said you shall not eat of every tree of the garden?"

And Eve told him that they might eat of the fruit of all the trees, except of one. But God had said, if they ate that, or even touched it, they should die.

Then the serpent said, they should not die,

but if they ate of that fruit they should become wise like God.

The serpent told a lie. Why did Eve believe him sooner than God? She took some of the fruit, and she gave some to Adam. They soon found out how foolish they had been. They were not happy now ; they were sinners ; they had disobeyed the commandment of God.

When they heard God speaking in the garden, they were frightened, and hid themselves among the trees. How foolish it was to think they could hide themselves from God ! Cannot God, who made the trees, see through the thickest boughs ?

God might have left Adam to himself, and let the devil take him away to hell. But God is very good and kind : he spoke to Adam, and said, " Where art thou ? "

Adam was obliged to answer God, but he did not speak as he ought ; he said that the woman had given him of the fruit—that was a bad excuse. Why did he take the fruit ? Eve said the serpent had told her lies—that was a bad excuse. Why did she believe the serpent ?

God was most angry with the serpent ; he cursed him. But he did not curse Adam and Eve. He told Adam he must work hard to get his bread, and he told Eve that she would have much sorrow with her little children ; and he turned them both out of the garden,

and sent an angel to stand at the gate to keep them out. But God did not curse Adam and Eve ; he loved them, and wished to save them from going to be forever in hell with the devil.

God has an only Son, whom he loves. He has sent this only Son to die instead of Adam and Eve, and their children. How kind it was in God to send his dear Son to die for *us*, that we might not be cursed for ever !

We are Adam's children, and we should go to hell if it were not for Jesus Christ, the Son of God. We are sinners, like Adam and Eve. Why is it that children steal and tell lies ? Because they are the children of Adam and Eve, who took the fruit.

Your bodies must turn to dust in the grave—will you souls go to hell ? I hope not. There is one who can save you. Go to Jesus. He is in heaven now, but he can hear you. Say to him, " Pardon a sinful child." Ask him very often to forgive you. Ask God, his Father, to forgive you for the sake of his dear Son Jesus ; and ask for the Holy Spirit to make you good. Then you will hate stealing and lying, and all wicked ways.

I will tell you a sweet verse out of the Bible, and I wish you would learn it ; " God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3 : 16.

Should you not like to learn a pretty hymn

about all this? Well, then, here is one. Pray
read it, and try to remember it.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell ;
And we, his children, thus were brough
To death, and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord, that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood ;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honor'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobeyed ;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

THE FIRST MURDER.

HAVE you ever heard an account of a murder? I know you have. Almost every week we hear of some horrible murder, and soon afterwards we hear of the murderer being caught and hanged.

Who was the man who dared to commit the first murder? His name was Cain; his father and mother were called Adam and Eve, and they were the first man and woman whom God made. Cain was their first baby. His mother was pleased when she saw her baby, for she did not know what a wicked man he would grow up. When we see little children, we cannot tell what sort of people they will become. Eve had another son, whom she called Abel. He grew up to be a good man. God had given Abel his Holy Spirit to make him good, and Abel loved God and tried to please him. Cain soon found out that God loved Abel better than himself, and this made him angry. Why did not Cain ask God to give him his Holy Spirit, too? Then he would have been good like Abel.

I dare say you have sometimes seen a

naughty, sulky child sitting in a corner of the room, not choosing to speak to anybody, or, if he spoke, grumbling and calling names. That naughty child was like Cain. God in the sky sees all the people in this world. He sees the wicked thoughts in their hearts, as well as their wicked looks. This great God spoke to wicked Cain, and said, "Why are you angry? Why do you look displeased?"

It was very kind in the great God to speak to this sinful man, but Cain would not mind, he went on in his wickedness.

Sometimes a kind teacher goes up to a naughty child, and begs it to try to be good, and says, "It is not too late; wipe away your tears, and behave as you ought." But often the naughty child goes on frowning and pouting, till his teacher is forced to punish him.

It was in this way Cain behaved. He went on feeling angry with God for loving Abel. One day he was with Abel all alone, when a dreadful thing happened. Perhaps you wonder that Abel would be alone with Cain, but I suppose he often tried to persuade his brother to be good. While they were talking, Cain rose up against Abel and killed him. I do not know how he killed him, whether with a stone, or a great stick, but that is no matter—poor Abel lay bleeding on the earth, the blood ran into the ground. Oh, it must have been a dreadful sight! How did Cain feel when he

saw his brother's blood, and that good brother cold, and pale, and still, like a stone?

Cain thought he could hide his sin from every eye, because he was alone. But he forgot that God saw him. Soon God spoke to him; he said, "Where is Abel thy brother?" Cain answered, "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" You see he told a lie to God. Then God told him that he should wander about the world. Cain was not to live any more with his father and mother, and his brothers and sisters, and their children. He was to go to some place far off, where he would hear of God no more. He did not like this; for though he did not love God, he was afraid of being sent far away; he thought, also, that anybody who found him, would kill him. But God set a mark upon him, to show people that Cain was not to be killed. So Cain went a great way off, and he had a wife and children; and he built a city for his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. But was he happy? Wicked people cannot be happy. God let him live, and and gave him children, but God did not love him.

What becomes of liars when they die, and what becomes of murderers? They go to hell! That is a horrible, dark, and burning place, far off from God. The devil is in hell. he is the father of liars and murderers. Abel did not go to hell when he died; his body lay bleeding on the earth, but his soul went up to

God in heaven. There he saw his Saviour, the Son of God, who had promised to die for his sins. Abel was a sinner, but God had pardoned his sins. There are a great many angels in heaven who have never sinned, or done one wrong thing. All men, women, and children, are sinners; yet God will pardon their sins, if they ask him, because the Son of God was nailed to a cross of wood that sinners might be pardoned.

Abel has been singing in heaven a long while. He was the *first* who began to praise God for pardoning his sins, and now there are hundreds and thousands joining in his songs.

I hope the child who reads this book will one day be praising God in heaven with Abel, and will say, "Praise him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

If you want to go to that happy place, go and pray to God alone, and say, "O great God, pardon all the naughty things I have done, and make me good by the Holy Spirit, because thy dear Son died upon the cross for me."

And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

Almighty, grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine ;
That can to bliss and life restore
So vile a heart as mine.

Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore ;
Oh keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

There is beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love,
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains ;
There sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end ;
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend ?

Then I for grace will pray,
While I have life and breath
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to eternal death.

THE GREAT RAIN.

SOMETIMES we hear it said, "A boy has fallen into the water, and is drowned." Perhaps he was sliding on the ice, when it broke, and he fell in; or, it may be, he was walking on a plank into a ship, when his foot slipped, and he went over; or, it may be, he was bathing, when he got out of his depth, and was drowned. There is much reason to be afraid of the water. How many ships full of people have sunk into the great deep, and been seen no more! Sometimes rivers overflow their banks, and a whole town is laid under water, and thousands perish in a day. This is a dreadful event. It happened in a great city, called Petersburg, some years ago.

But a more dreadful event happened once. The whole world was drowned. Yes, all the people in the world were drowned, and all the beasts and birds, except one family, and a few beasts and birds with them. How did this happen? Did you ever hear about it? It is called the Flood. It happened four thousand years ago. The world was full of people then, as it is now, and it was full of wicked people.

The great God who made the world cannot bear wickedness ; he looked down and saw the people fighting, and stealing, and killing each other. At last he said he would drown them all, except one good man, and his wife and children. The name of this man was Noah.

God told Noah to build a great house called an ark. It was to be built so that it could float on the water like a ship, only it was not to have a mast or sails like a ship. The ark was to be made of wood, and covered with pitch, and lined with pitch, to keep out the wet. There were to be three great rooms in the ark, one above the other, and there was to be a window at the top, and a door at the side. God told Noah to take some of all sorts of beasts and birds into the ark with him ; but first he was to get food for them, such as hay for the horses, and seed for the birds.

When the ark was finished, God told Noah to go in, and to take the beasts and birds in with him. What a strange sight it must have been to see the beasts and birds going into the ark ! If God had not made them quiet and obedient, Noah never could have brought them in ; but He, who made them all, could easily teach them to be tame and gentle. Noah had three sons, and they had three wives, so that there were eight people who went into the ark. None of the wicked people went in. Noah had often begged them to repent and to turn to God, but they had not minded. They would

not believe that they should at last be drowned. They thought that one day would be like another, and that no sad day would ever come ; so they built houses, and planted gardens, and married wives, and ate and drank, and never thought of God, or thanked him for giving them food and all their pleasures. They did not wish to go into the ark with Noah ; they liked much better staying in their fine gardens and houses.

As soon as Noah was in the ark, God himself shut the door. No one could get into the ark after God had shut the door. That day the rain began to pour down from the sky, and the water came up out of the ground. All that day it rained, and the next, and the next, and every day for nearly six weeks. Such rain was never seen before, nor ever will be seen again. Everybody was drowned, and every beast and bird. If people climbed to the tops of trees, the water soon reached them, and if they mounted the high hills, the waters at last covered them ; there was no way of escaping from the anger of God. Once God would have heard the prayers of these sinners, but now it was too late—they were all drowned.

For nearly a year, Noah rode in his ark upon the waters. Once he sent out a raven to see whether the land was dry, but the bird never came back. Another time he sent out a dove, and this sweet bird came to the window again,

and Noah put out his hand and pulled her in. The poor little dove had found no bough on which to rest, and she liked to return to the ark, while the raven chose to fly about till the earth was dry.

Noah waited one week, and then he sent out the dove again, and this time she returned with the branch of an olive-tree in her beak ; then Noah knew that the tops of the trees were seen. In another week he sent out his good little dove again, and this time she came back no more. Still Noah would not leave the ark till God told him.

At last God said to him, "Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee, and the beasts, and the birds, and the creeping things." Then they all went out.

How fresh and green the earth must have looked that day ! How glad must the stag have been to bound once more in the forests, and the noble horse to gallop on the plains, and the harmless sheep to lie down on the meadows ! How glad must the eagle have been to soar once more in the air, and how sweetly the lark must have sung as it flew out of the window and saw again the bright sun !

But were beasts and birds as glad as Noah ? Oh, no ; he knew who had saved him from dying in the waters. He loved God for his goodness, and praised him and prayed to him ; and God promised he never again would drown

the world, and he gave him a sign that he would remember his promise: that sign you have seen—it is the beautiful rainbow which shines in the sky so often when the sun is beginning to shine, and the showers are almost over. That rainbow puts us in mind of God's kindness to Noah.

But I have not told you of all his kindness. Did you ever hear how he sent his only Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to die for wicked men? Yes, he did send him, and Jesus was nailed to a great piece of wood called a cross. He died instead of you; he is willing to save you from going to hell. Do you wish to turn from all wicked ways? Do you wish to be saved as Noah was? A dreadful day is coming, when the world shall be burned up. There will be terrible noise and scorching heat, but those who love God as Noah did, shall be caught up and saved from the fire. What I am now telling you is quite true. Do believe me. The people would not believe Noah, and they were drowned. All I have told you is written in the Bible, which is the book of God.

See Genesis 6, 7, 8; 2 Pet., last chapter.

Oh say, shall I be there,
To see the dreadful glare,
The dreadful sound to hear,
The dreadful heat to bear,
Of falling crags and rocks, of roaring seas,
Of smoking hills, and flaming earth and skies?

Oh, yes ! I shall be there ;
The graves shall open'd be ;
All shall the trumpet hear,
The Judge's face shall see :
In vain shall some upon the mountains call,
To hide their heads from Him who judges all.

THE FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Do you think any one ever heard God speak? Should you be frightened if God were to speak from heaven where he lives? Yes, I know you would. Once God spoke to a great many people; he spoke in a very loud voice, so that they could all hear. Who were these people? They were called the people of Israel, they did not live in a town; they were among the hills; at night they slept in their tents. They were going to a country a great way off, and they moved their tents from place to place. There was a good man who took care of them, called Moses. God was their King. How could these people get food every day? for there were no shops among the hills, and there were no cornfields. God rained down bread, called manna, every morning; the people of Israel went out every morning with their baskets and picked up the little bits of nice, sweet bread, and took it to their tents to eat. How kind it was in God to feed them. He is kind to us, too, for it is God who makes the corn grow.

One day God told Moses he would speak to

the people of Israel. One morning there was a noise of thunder, and the sound of a trumpet, very loud indeed. The people heard the noise in their tents, and they trembled, for they knew that God was coming to speak to them. Moses told the people to come out of their tents to see God ; so all the people stood round about the mountain. What a sight they beheld ! The Lord had come down in fire, and there was a great deal of smoke, and the mountain shook. You never saw such a terrible sight. There was also a dreadful sound. The noise of the trumpet grew louder and louder.

Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was, and listened to his words, and wrote them down in a book. The people of Israel saw him go up the mountain, till he was hid by the great cloud of smoke. All the time Moses was on the mountain, there was a great fire burning at the top, and God was in that fire.

You see how dreadful God is ! He can punish wicked people, and there is a hell where he will put them at last. But God is very kind. You see how kind he was to Moses ; he did not hurt him while he was in the mountain, but talked to him as a man talks to a friend. When Moses came down from the mountain, his face shone like the sun, so that the people of Israel could not bear to look at

him, he was so bright; then Moses put a veil over his face.

Moses wrote the ten laws upon two great pieces of stone. Sometimes they are copied out, and written up at one end of the church. I heard of a thief who once went into a church, not to pray, but to steal. He meant to put his hand into people's pockets, and take away their handkerchiefs and their money. But before he began to steal, he looked up and saw the ten laws. One of them is,

“Thou shalt not steal.”

The thief had never heard this law before. He felt frightened, and did not dare to put his hand into anybody's pocket. He went home, prayed to God, read the Bible, and left off stealing.

Do you wish to keep God's laws? You have done a great many naughty things. God could punish you, but he is very kind. He sent his own dear Son to die upon the cross, that he might forgive you all your naughtiness. The Son of God minded all the ten laws, yet he suffered for our sins. You have not minded God's laws; you have often been naughty, yet God will forgive you, because his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, died for you.

Here is a little prayer for you: “O God, forgive me all my sins, because Jesus died for me.”

I hope you will soon be able to learn the ten

laws, or commandments, and I hope you will try to mind them. You may read about Moses in the Bible in Exodus 19 and 20.

These are the ten commandments :

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth : thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them ; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me ; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain : for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work ; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God : in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates : for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day : wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother ; that

thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Here are the Commandments in verse :

1. Thou shalt have no more gods but me ;
2. Before no idol bow thy knee ;
3. Take not the name of God in vain ;
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane ;
5. Give both thy parents honor due ;
6. Take heed that thou no murder do ;
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean ;
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean ;
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it ;
10. What is thy neighbor's dare not covet.

THE SUM OR MEANING OF THE COMMANDMENTS.

With all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbor love.

Dr. Watts.

THE RAVENS. .



THE first thing that children want, when they get up in the morning, is their breakfast. They go to their mothers, and say, "Give me a piece of bread, please mother;" or else their kind mothers, even without being asked, give them a piece. It is a sad thing when a child gets up in the morning and has no breakfast. Did you ever go without your breakfast? Did your mother ever say to you, "My child, I have no bread in the cupboard?" If she ever did, I know you cried to hear it, and I dare say she cried too, for mothers like to feed their

children, and they will often go without breakfast that they may give their children more.

Many people have as much bread every day as they can eat. How much bread it must take to feed so many people !

While we are sleeping in our beds there is one above the sky who is making the food to grow out of the earth. It is God who makes the little seed of corn grow in the ground, and spring up into a tall stalk, and even then turn yellow, and bend under the weight of the grain at the top. When the corn is ripe, the reaper comes and cuts it down and binds it into sheaves, and fills the wagon, and lays it by in the barn ; then the thresher beats out the grain from the husks. Then the corn is put into a sack and carried to the miller to grind into flour ; then the flour is put into a sack and carried to the baker, and it is baked in the oven ; when it is taken out, it is fit to be eaten. Was it men who made the bread, or God ? It was God who made the corn to grow ; if God were not to make the corn, we could have no bread to eat. Sometimes God will not make the corn grow. Why ? Because men are wicked, and God is angry with them.

There is a country a great way off which is very hot. One year God sent no rain to make the ground soft, so the corn did not grow up. The people in that land were very wicked. They bowed down to images of wood and stone, and prayed to them and said,

“Take care of us; you are our gods.” That is very wicked. It is called worshipping idols. We ought to worship none but that great God whom we cannot see.

There was a good man in that land who loved God. His name was Elijah. When there was very little bread God would not let him starve. He told him to go and live by the side of a certain brook or pond, and he said, “I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there.” What, birds to feed a man! I have often heard of a man feeding birds, but I never heard before of birds feeding a man—and such birds, too, as ravens; not gentle birds, but fierce creatures, ready to pick out your eyes with their great beaks.

Elijah believed what God said, and he went to live by the side of a brook or pond, among the trees. I do not think he had any house there, but it was a warm country, and he could sleep out of doors. He was quite alone, yet he could speak to his friend in heaven, I mean his God.

Did his heavenly Father keep his promise? Oh, yes. In the morning the birds came. I cannot tell how many, but there were more than one. What did they bring with them? Pieces of bread and of meat. I suppose they carried them in their beaks. God had sent his birds to feed his dear son Elijah. The ravens were the servants of Elijah.

In the evening they came again, and brought

Elijah his supper. Every morning and every evening they came ; they never missed. His Father in heaven never forgot to feed Elijah. He gave him two meals every day, breakfast and supper. Most people have dinner, too, but Elijah was content with what God gave him. He drank nothing but cold water.

Every day there was less and less water in the brook, for the sun dried it up, and there was no rain to fill it again. At last all the water was gone ! What use was food to eat if he had nothing to drink ? He would soon die of thirst. But his God remembered him, and told him to go to another place.

How much care God took of Elijah. At last he took him to heaven to live with him. But you will be surprised to hear that Elijah never died. He was carried up to heaven by bright angels in a chariot of fire. How wonderful ! Why was God so very kind to Elijah ? Why is God kind to anybody ? We are all sinners, but God has given his only Son to die upon the cross that we may not be sent to hell. If you ask God to forgive you for Christ's sake, he will do it, for he loves his Son Jesus Christ.

When a famine comes, those people whom God has forgiven need not be afraid. Here is a promise which God made them, which you will find in the Bible :

“Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his

mercy, to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine."—Psalm 33: 18, 19.

The history of Elijah and the ravens is written in I. Kings, chap. 17.

God is in heaven! Can he hear
A little prayer like mine?
Yes, thoughtful child, thou need'st not fear,
He listeneth to thine.

God is in heaven! Can he see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that he can; he looks at thee
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven! Would he know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, though thou saidst it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven! Does he care—
Does he provide for me?
Yes; all thou hast to eat or wear,
'Tis God that gives it thee.

God is in heaven! Can I go
To thank him for his care?
Not yet; but love him here below,
And he will take thee there.

God is in heaven ! May I pray

To go there when I die ?

Yes ; love him, seek him, and one day

He'll call thee to the sky.

THE BURNING FIERY FURNACE.

THERE is a place in London called Smithfield. It is a market for cattle. On market-day it is full of lowing oxen, bleating sheep, and grunting pigs. Each beast is shut up by itself between some posts and wooden bars, and a little gate. The butchers hasten early to the spot to buy beasts for the slaughter.

But in that very place crowds of people used once to come—not to buy beasts, but to burn men, and see them burned. How dreadful! Was it wicked men who were burned—thieves, or murderers? No, it was good men, who loved their Bibles, and would not pray to images. Yes, they were burned. But I am not going now to tell you about the men who were burned at Smithfield: I am going to speak of some men who lived at a great city called Babylon, a more beautiful city than London.

There was a great king in Babylon, and this king had a great image made—a very tall image—as tall as a church steeple, and it was made of gold. Oh, what a rich king he must have been, and what a fine image! It was not set up in the town, but in a great place called a

plain, which was like a large field without hedges. There everybody could see the great image quite well. The king desired all the lords, and judges, and captains in his kingdom to come to the plain.

When the rich lords were come together, they all stood round the image. There was a band of musicians there, with many kinds of instruments, the harp with its sweet strings, the flute on which men breathe to make it sound, and many other instruments of which you have never heard. And the king was there, the proud king who did what he pleased. A man cried out with a loud voice, and told them that as soon as the music began to be played, everybody must bow down to the golden image that the king had set up; and if any one did not bow down, he should be thrown immediately into a burning fiery furnace. Presently the music struck up, and the people fell down and worshipped the golden image.

Do you know that it is very wicked to worship images? Yes, we ought never to bow down to any one but God, and he is in heaven, and cannot be seen by us. The angels see him, but we cannot. God likes to see us kneeling down, and looking up to him in the heavens.

Did I say that *all* the people bowed down to the golden image? *Almost* all—all but three. Soon some of the king's servants came

to him and said, "O king, there are three men here who have not bowed down to the image. Those men are not people of this land of Babylon—they are Jews." Then the king was in a great passion, for wicked people fall into a passion just as little children do. Oh, it is a horrible thing when a man falls into a passion and especially a king. What mischief he can do in his rage, for he cannot be shut up like a naughty child. This king desired the three Jews to be brought to him. When they came, he spoke very angrily to them, and asked if it was true they had not bowed down to the image.

He told them that if, when they should hear the music again, they did not fall down and worship the image, they should be cast into a burning fiery furnace, and that their God would not deliver them out.

But these three Jews were not frightened by the king's words. They said, they would not worship the image, and their God was able to deliver them from the burning fiery furnace, and he would deliver them. Then the king was in a greater passion than before. It was terrible to see his face! for passion makes the face look very red and ugly. But still the three Jews were not afraid. The king desired that the furnace might be made seven times hotter than before. This was foolish in him, because a very hot fire would kill the poor Jews more quickly than a little fire. But I

suppose in his passion he forgot that. Then he desired the strongest soldiers he had to cast the Jews into the flames. First their legs and arms were tied down, that they might not struggle when put in, and all their clothes were left on, their cloaks, and their turbans, and their stockings, and all. Then the strong soldiers took hold of them and threw them into the fire, but the flames were so fierce that they caught hold of the soldiers and burnt them up. What became of the poor Jews? They fell down in the midst of the furnace. Were they alive or dead? Such a fire would soon turn a man black as a cinder.

The king came to look at the three Jews; but oh, how much surprised he was to see them walking about in the fire, not only alive, but *loose*! for the fire had burned their bands, but not their clothes nor their bodies. How wonderful! But there was one thing which surprised the king still more. There were *four* men walking in the fire. The king called to his lords and said, "Did we not cast three men bound into the midst of the fire?" They said, "True, O king." Then he said, "Lo, I see *four* men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." Was he the Son of God? Oh, yes; for the Son of God loves us. Once he died for us upon the cross, that we might not be cast into hell, and he always cares for his people when they are

in trouble, and now he was walking in the fire with the three young Jews. That was the reason they were not burned; God the Father had sent down his Son to keep them from harm. How happy they were in the midst of the fire! They felt no pain.

Now the king saw that the God of the Jews could save them, and he came near to the door of the furnace—not so near as to be burned, as his soldiers had been—and he called the three Jews by their names, “Ye servants of the Most High God, come forth, and come hither.” And they came out—yes, they walked out. Then all the great lords came round them to see whether they were hurt, but there was not even the smell of fire on them, not one hair was singed—and you know how easily the hair catches fire—and their clothes were not even scorched.

Then the king began to praise their God, and to praise *them*, too, for not worshipping the image. And he sent round to all the towns in his kingdom, and commanded that if anybody spoke against their God, he should be cut in pieces, and his house made into a heap of rubbish; for the king said, “There is no other God who can deliver after this sort.” Neither is there any god who can deliver *at all* except the true God, who made the world, the sun, moon, and stars.

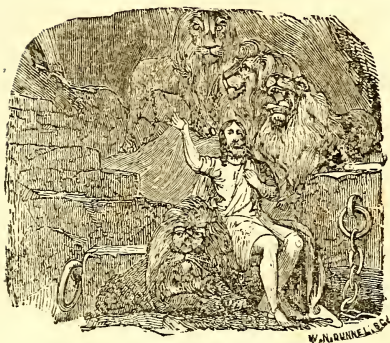
Did the king of Babylon leave off worshipping images or idols? No; I fear he went

on in his wicked ways for some time longer, till at last God made him like a beast, and he ate grass; afterwards he was sorry for his wickedness.

Do you love God as those young Jews did? If you do, I count you a happy child. There are many good people who have been burned in the fire. I told you about the fires in Smithfield. Good people were burned there, but only their *bodies*—their *souls* went to heaven, to God. If you love God, your soul will be happy forever, and your body will be taken one day out of the grave and made new again.

You will find the history of the three young Jews in Daniel 3.

THE DEN OF LIONS.



THE lion is generally called the king of beasts. There is no beast that looks so like a king as he does, for though the elephant is much larger, he is not so terrible. With what a stately air the lion walks; how proud is his look; what strong teeth he has! How fierce his eyes seem, glaring in the midst of his yellow hair! When he is hungry, how horrible is his low growl—it is like the rumbling of thunder before a storm! But when he is angry and utters his loud roar, all the beasts of the forest tremble. Perhaps you have seen a lion in a den; you knew he could not hurt you,

and therefore you were not afraid to look at him. But would you have gone into his den? Oh, no, even if the lion's mouth had been tied up, you would not have liked to be shut up with him.

I am going to tell you of a man who was shut up with a lion—not with one lion only, but with many lions—with hungry lions with open mouths, in the night, alone, at the bottom of a deep den under ground. Why was he shut up there? I will tell you why. He had done nothing wicked. He was a very good man, who loved God, but there were some wicked men who hated him. There was a great king who was kind to the good man, and the wicked men did not like that. They wanted the king to be fond of them, but the king loved the good man best. The good man's name was Daniel. And why did the king love Daniel best? Because Daniel did the king's business best; he wrote letters for him, and paid money for him; he never told lies, nor cheated, nor was idle, nor careless. So the king trusted him with everything, and made him a great lord. Then the wicked lords hated Daniel, only because the king loved him best. They were envious. What made Daniel so good? It was the Holy Spirit of God that made him good. Daniel used to pray to God three times every day to make him good, and keep him from telling lies, and stealing, and all sorts of wickedness. That is the way to

be good, to pray to God, for we all have wicked hearts. But God can make our hearts good ; he sent his dear Son Jesus to die for us that we might not go to hell, and he gives us the Holy Spirit to make us fit to go to heaven, fit to be in that sweet place with the holy angels.

The wicked lords knew that Daniel prayed to God. As for them, they prayed to idols of wood and stone. All the people in that country prayed to idols, except Daniel and his friends. It is no use to pray to images or idols, for they cannot hear us when we call.

The wicked lords wanted to get good Daniel into disgrace with the king, so they made a very sly plan. They went to the king and asked him to make a law that no one should pray to any god, or to anybody for thirty days except to him, and to command that, if anybody disobeyed this law, he should be cast into the den of lions. The king said he would make this law. Oh, he did not know what a cruel plan the lords had settled between them.

Daniel soon heard of this new law. Would he leave off praying to God for thirty days? Oh no, not for one day. He still went into his room when the windows were open, and knelt down and prayed, morning, and noon, and evening. The wicked lords heard that Daniel went on praying, and they went to the king, and told him that Daniel, though he had

heard of this law, which could not be changed, still prayed three times a-day.

How sorry the king was when he heard this sad news! He loved Daniel; he could not bear to have him cast into the den. But what could he do? It was not yet time to cast him in; the evening was the time; and till the evening came, and the sun had set, the king tried to think of some way of saving Daniel. But he could think of no way. As soon as it was dark, the lords said, "O king, you cannot change the law." The king knew that, and he sent for Daniel and commanded him to be cast into the den; but before he was put in, the king said to him, "Thy God, whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee." This was the only comfort the king had; he hoped that the God of Daniel would save him from the lions.

After Daniel had been thrown in, a great stone was laid on the top of the den, and a seal was put upon it, that nobody might come in the night and take Daniel out, and the king sealed the stone with his own seal. What a miserable evening the king passed! He could eat no supper. Usually sweet music was played to him in the evening, but he desired that the musicians should not play: and when he went to bed, he could not sleep. Very early in the morning he got up. He went in haste to the den, and cried out in a most sorrowful voice, "O Daniel, is thy God, whom thou

servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions ?” Oh, how the king did listen for the answer ! What if he should hear nothing but the growls of the beasts ! But he heard a voice say, “O king, live for ever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions’ mouths, and they have not hurt me, because I have done no hurt.” Oh, how glad the king was ! Immediately he commanded the servants to take Daniel out of the den. When he came up, people looked to see whether the lions had bitten him, or scratched him, or bruised him. But no, there was not the least hurt found upon him. Some men would have been killed by the fright, if they had been shut up with lions ; but Daniel had trusted in his God. He knew his God loved him, and would save him. What did the wicked lords say when they saw Daniel come up out of the den ? They had not much time to speak, for the king commanded them to be cast into the den, and their wives and children with them. It was cruel to cast the poor wives in, and the little children ; but as for those wicked men, they well deserved to be eaten up. Now it was seen how hungry the lions were, for before the men could get to the bottom of the den, the lions sprung up and seized hold of them, and with their strong teeth broke and ground their bones to pieces. So, though the lions had gone without their supper, they had a good breakfast the next morning. God punishes wicked

people when they have tried to hurt good people, and he often lets them fall into the very same trouble that they wanted to get the good people in.

There is a place called hell, much more horrible than the lion's den. It is filled, not with lions, but with devils, and all wicked people will be cast there some day, and there they will stay forever. Are you, my child, afraid of going there? I wish you to be afraid, because I want you to ask God not to send you there. You may pray to God as well as Daniel; God will hear you as well as him. Daniel prayed to God when he was a child, and he found that God took care of him. He was only a slave when he was young, and he was far away from his father and his mother; but he looked up to God, and asked him to be his friend.

His history is to be found in the Bible. See Daniel 6.

THE

HEAVENLY BABE AND ITS MOTHER.

DID you ever see an angel? I know you never did; neither did your father ever see an angel, nor your mother, nor your grandfather—none of these ever saw an angel. But some people have seen angels. Angels are very bright creatures; they live in heaven with God, and they shine like the light. They know about us; they know that there is a world full of men and women and children. They pity us. Why? Because we are sinners. We do wrong things; we sin against God. Angels are not sinners. Though they have lived so many, many years with God, they have never done one wrong thing, and they never will.

Angels will always be happy. But shall we? We shall die one day. Shall we be happy after we are dead? Will God let sinners live with him? My dear child, did you ever think to yourself, "Shall I go to heaven when I die?" There is a dreadful place called hell, and there are many sinners there burning in the flames. You would not like to go there. I hope you will not.

I will now tell you what God has done for us miserable sinners. A long while ago he told one of his bright angels to go on a message. He sent him from heaven, to a woman named Mary. The angel's name was Gabriel. What had Gabriel to say to Mary? Wait, and you shall hear. When the angel came into the place where Mary was, he told her the Lord was pleased with her, and was going to do her a great favor. Was Mary delighted to hear this? No, she was frightened; she could not think what the angel meant. Then the angel said, "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God." Then the angel told her that she should soon have a babe; and that he should be the Son of God; and that his name should be "Jesus."

This was a very wonderful message. Why was the Son of God to be a babe? God his father sent him to be a babe, that he might grow to be a man, and then suffer instead of us sinners. How good it was in God to send his only Son to save us from going to hell!

Mary believed what Gabriel told her. Soon the angel went away. At last the babe was born. Where do you think it was born? You will be surprised to hear—it was born in a stable! Mary had taken a long journey, and when she came to the end, she went to the inn, but there was no room for her there. There were so many travellers at the inn, that Mary was obliged to go into the stable. Where the

oxen and the asses fed that night, her babe was born. Mary wrapped him in long clothes, and laid him in the manger. What a place for the Son of God!

The children of the queen lie in beautiful cradles, hung with muslin, and silk, and satin. But this babe was the Son of the King of kings, and he lay in a manger. The people in the inn did not know that the Son of God was in the stable, but Mary knew who her babe was. She called him her God and her Saviour; she knew he had come down from heaven to save her and many people from hell.

And did he suffer for our sins when he grew up to be a man? Oh, yes. He was nailed to a cross of wood. The nails went through his hands and through his feet, and his blood was spilled upon the ground. Mary, his mother, stood near the cross. Oh, how unhappy she felt to see her son dying. He felt sorry for her, and told his disciple John to take care of his dear mother.

After Jesus was dead he was buried, and in three days he was made alive again. Mary saw him once more. Oh, how happy she was then! Very soon Jesus went up to heaven in a cloud back to his Father. Mary still staid in this world. Then she prayed to her son Jesus, and thanked him for saving her soul. At last she died and went to heaven, to live there with God the Father and God the Son, and there she is now.

We ought never to pray to any one but God. Mary was a sinner once. Jesus saved her. Mary cannot save us. Only Jesus can save sinners.

You will like to see Mary in heaven. Blessed was she among women. Of all the women who ever lived she was the most blessed, or happy. Jesus loved his mother very much, but he will love you as much if you wish to please God. He knows who wishes to please him. He has said, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

Jesus has only one Father—God—but he has many brothers, and sisters, and mothers. There are a great many wicked people in the world who swear, and steal, and tell lies; but there are some who love God, and pray to him, and believe in him, and try to please him. Jesus counts them his brothers, and sisters, and mothers. Would you like to be the brother of the Lord Jesus? Would you like to be his child? What a dreadful thing it is to be the child of the devil.

A MOTHER'S SONG TO HER BABE IN THE
CRADLE.

SOFT and easy is thy cradle—
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe ! What glorious features,
Spotless, fair, divinely bright !
Must he dwell with brutal creatures ?
How could angels bear the sight ?

Was there nothing but a manger,
Thankless sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger ?
Did they thus affront the Lord ?

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard ?
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arm shall be thy guard.

THE HAPPY NIGHT.

IN the night very dreadful things often happen. Sometimes a fire breaks out in the night. I remember having heard of a fire in a street, and of a house being burned to the ground ; four little boys and their mother were all smothered in the smoke, and the father only and one child escaped.

Sometimes thieves and murderers break into a house in the night. It is well to lock the doors fast, and to bar the windows ; but even then we are not safe, unless God take care of us. But I am not going to tell you of anything horrible, but of a very delightful night—yes, of the happiest night which has ever been since the world was made.

Some shepherds were in a field taking care of their flocks. It was night, and they were watching to prevent the wolves, and bears, and lions coming to devour their pretty lambs and harmless sheep. These shepherds were good men ; they loved God. When wicked men are sitting up together, they often amuse themselves with singing wicked songs, and with drinking and swearing, and they often end by

quarrelling and fighting. But these shepherds were different men from those, and had different ways from theirs; they were men who loved singing hymns, and talking about God and heaven.

A very wonderful thing happened that night; such a thing as had never happened to them before—an angel came! What a glorious creature an angel is! I never saw one, but I know that angels are bright like the sun, and their clothes are white like snow, and they are so good, so gentle, and so kind.

Yet when the shepherds saw this angel, they were very much frightened. But the angel told them not to be afraid, "Fear not," he said; "I bring you good tidings of great joy. Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; and ye shall find him lying in a manger." This was good news indeed. A long while before, God had promised to send his own Son down from heaven to be a babe. And why? That he might die instead of us wicked creatures, and save us from going to hell. These shepherds had often heard of God's kind promise, and now the angel told them this babe was really born. Yes, the babe that was to save them from never-ending pains.

When the angel had done speaking, the most beautiful sight was seen. A number of angels suddenly appeared! How bright they must have shone in that dark night! To see angels

is charming, but what must it be to hear them sing! These angels began to sing. How sweet the sound must have been! It is sweet to hear children sing; it is sweet to hear them sing, "That will be joyful," or "Glory, glory;" but what is children's singing compared to the singing of angels! What is the cawing of a rock compared to the warbling of a nightingale, and what is the singing of a sinful child compared to the singing of a glorious angel!

I can tell you the very words these angels sang, but I am not sure that you will understand them. This was their song: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men."

It was because the Son of God was born that they sang this song—Jesus, the Son of God: he came to bring glory, and peace, and good-will, and all happiness into this wicked world.

The angels did not stay very long. How sorry the shepherds must have been when the song was over, and the angels were gone back into heaven. Could they ever forget that song? I think not. Well, I hope we may hear angels sing one day, and that we may sing with them. *Now we could not sing an angel's song, but one day we shall be able, if our sins are forgiven.*

See the good shepherds in the field alone with their sheep.—What did they talk of now? Of that sweet babe who was lying in a manger. They knew he was in the next town, a very

ittle way off, and they said one to another, "Let us go and see him." So they left their sheep, very quickly indeed. There were other babes in Bethlehem, but most babes lie in soft cradles, or on their mother's pillow; but there was no cradle and no bed for this babe, only a manger full of straw or hay. The shepherds knew in which stable the babe was, and they went in. And what did they see? There, in the midst of the oxen, and the cows, and the asses, they saw a babe, and near him was his mother, a poor woman, named Mary. His Father was in heaven, for God was his Father; but there was a good man in the stable named Joseph, and he was the husband of Mary. All kind people like to look on a little helpless infant. Do not you like to look at a babe, and to take it in your arms? But there never was such a babe as this. Though he was so weak and small, he was the Son of God, and had made the world, and the moon, and the stars.

How did the shepherds feel as they looked at him? They knew he loved them, and had come down from heaven to save them. O how they loved that babe!

Did they take him in their arms? Did they kiss his sweet forehead? I cannot tell you, for it is not written in the Bible. The shepherds did not know all the pain that tender babe would have to bear when he was grown to be a man. Those little hands with fingers folded up, afterwards had nails thrust through

them ; and those tender feet, which had never touched the ground, were afterwards fastened to the cross of wood. Oh, to have looked upon that babe, and to have thought of all he would suffer, might have made the hardest heart feel sorry ! But that babe is happy now—Oh, very happy ! After dying upon the cross he was made alive again, and he went up into heaven ; and there he is now, and the shepherds are with him there, singing the angel's song. And Jesus will one day come to this world again, shining brighter than angels do, and the shepherds will come with him, and all people who have ever loved him.

If you grow to be a man, I hope you will be like one of those good shepherds. Perhaps you will not have to take care of sheep. I cannot tell what you will do, whether you will make things, or sell them, or work in the fields, or go to sea ; but whatever you do, I hope you will be a good man and love God. Those shepherds often talked about Jesus ; they told every body about the babe in the manger, and about the angels in the sky, and they praised God with all their hearts for having let them see and hear such wonderful things. You have *heard* about the babe in the manger, though you have not seen him. There are many children who have never heard about him. God has been very kind to you in letting *you* hear about him. I hope you love Jesus. Some children do. If they were to die, the

angels would come and take their souls to be with Jesus in heaven.

This history is written in Luke 2: 8-20.

See the faithful shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
Where they sought him, there they found him.
With his virgin mother by.

THE OLD MAN AND THE BABE.

MOST children love little babies. A babe of six weeks old is very little indeed ; it cannot sit up ; it lies in its mother's arms, and its head rests upon her hand ; it can open its eyes and look about, and it is pleased with the light of the candle ; but it does not know its mother from a stranger, and it will go to any body without being frightened ; it never laughs, but it oftens cries. Perhaps some of you, dear children, have got a little baby brother or sister at home whose cradle you rock. I hope you take great care of the baby when your mother lets you nurse it.

I am going to tell you now about the sweetest babe of six weeks old that was ever seen in this world. Who was this babe ? Was he a prince, the son of a king or of a queen ? He was not called a prince, yet he was greater than any prince in this world—yes, greater even than the prince of Wales, the son of the queen of England.

Who was this babe ? He was the Son of God. He came down from heaven to be a babe. And why ? that he might grow to be a

man, and then die upon the cross for our sins. Oh, how kind to come down to die for *us*, that we might not be punished! But I am not going to tell you now about his dying, but about his being a babe.

The name of his mother was Mary—she was a good woman; his Father was God. Mary had a husband called Joseph, and he was very kind to this sweet babe. The babe was born in a stable, but when he was nearly six weeks old, his mother took him a little journey; she went to a town eight miles off, called Jerusalem. She went into a beautiful place there called the temple, where people often prayed to God, as they do in church. She took her little babe in her arms when she went to the temple. Joseph was with her. Why did Mary take her babe to the temple? To give him to God, because he was her first child. And she brought with her two young pigeons to give them to God. They were to be killed and burnt, but the babe was not to be killed.

When Mary was in the temple, an old man came in. Who was this old man? He was a very good man, and his name was Simeon. When men are old, their hair turns white like silver, and their backs are bent, and their knees are weak, and they cannot walk fast; but good old men are very happy. They know they shall soon die, and they are not afraid, for they wish to be with God. Simeon knew he should soon die, but God had promised him that before

he died he should see the Son of God. When Mary brought her babe into the temple, God told Simeon to go in and look at his Son. How glad Simeon was to go! As soon as he saw Mary, he knew who she was, and who her babe was. He took the babe in his arms, and began to pray to God. Would you not like to have seen that good old man praying to God, and holding that lovely infant in his arms? You cannot see him, but you may hear what he said, he told God that he was now ready to die, because he had seen the Saviour of all people.

Mary and Joseph, who were standing by, were much surprised to hear what the old man said. Simeon then began to talk to Mary, and told her a great deal more about her child. While he was speaking an old woman came in. I believe she was more than a hundred years old, and she had been a widow a very long while indeed. She lived close to the temple, and was very fond of being there, and of praying to God. Her name was Anna. When she saw the babe, she began to praise God for having sent his Son from heaven to save people from going to hell. There were other people in the temple who heard what Anna said, and who were glad to think that the Saviour was come.

Would you like to see that babe? You can never see the babe, but you may see the Son of God. The babe grew to be a man, and

when he was a man he was nailed to a cross. He died, but God made him alive again. His name is Jesus; he is in heaven now with his Father, and he will come one day into this world, and then you will see him. Dead people will see him then, and living people, too. Every body will see him, but every body will not be glad to see him, for he will be angry with wicked people. But, if you ask him, he will forgive you all the naughty things you have done, for he died that he might forgive sins. Ask—ask him very often to forgive you. Ask him every day. Kneel down when you are alone, and say, “Forgive me, Oh, forgive me! Have mercy on a sinful child!”

Jesus has forgiven a great many people. He likes to forgive, he is so kind. When he comes again, he will speak sweetly to all people whom he has forgiven. He will say, “Come ye blessed of my Father!” How dreadful it would be to hear him say, “Go away.” How sweet to hear him say, “Come!” I hope he will say “Come” to you. If you love him, I know he will.

You may read the history of Simeon in Luke 2: 22-38.

Little child, do you love Jesus ?

Oh, how he loves !

Do you wish to go to heaven ?

Oh, how he loves !

First of all ask his forgiveness,

With your heart, although quite helpless ;

Jesus little children blesses—

Oh, how he loves !

He will listen to your prayer ;

Oh, how he loves !

Feed you by his tender care !

Oh, how he loves !

He became a child just like you ;

Here he suffer'd to redeem you,

And at last he died to save you—

Oh, how he loves !

Trust him, he will ne'er forget you .

Oh, how he loves !

No, he never will forsake you :

Oh, how he loves !

None from his strong arm can pluck you ;

His almighty arm protects you ;

Loving once, he ever loves you—

Oh, how he loves !

THE KING OF THE JEWS.

THE Jews are scattered over the world. Their own land is a great way off, and it is full of strangers. There is a city in it called Jerusalem. Some people say it is the most beautiful city in the world, but the people in it are very poor. Once it was full of Jews; once there were kings there, who were called kings of the Jews.

I will tell you about one of these kings. He was a very wicked man; his name was Herod; he lived at Jerusalem. One day some men came to his city, and said, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him." But was not Herod king of the Jews? Yes, he was; but a babe had been born whom God sent to be King of the Jews. This babe was the Son of God. Very few people knew anything about him. But God had made a star shine in the sky to show these men where his Son was born. These men were wise men; they had learned a great deal. They were good men also, for they loved the Son of God, and wanted to see him. They had come a

great way on purpose to find him. They knew he was somewhere near Jerusalem, but they did not know exactly where, so they asked every body "Where is the King of the Jews?"

King Herod heard that some wise men had come from a long way off, and were asking for the King of the Jews. Herod was very sorry to hear this; he did not like hearing of another king. He did not know where the King of the Jews was, but he asked some of his friends to look in the Bible to see where God had said he should be born. They looked, and they found that God had written in his book (which is the Bible), that the King of the Jews should be born in a place called Bethlehem. Now Bethlehem is a village near Jerusalem.

Herod was glad to find out where this king was born, and he called the wise men who had come to Jerusalem, and he told them that this little king was born at Bethlehem. He said to them, "Go, and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also." But did Herod wish to worship this little king? Oh, no; he wanted to kill him; but he pretended to love him, that he might find out which child he was.

The wise men believed what Herod said, and they meant to come back and tell him. They went to Bethlehem; they had only seven miles to go. But how could they find out the little king? God made the star to shine again

in the sky; the star moved along, and showed the wise men the way, and at last it stopped just over a house in Bethlehem. Oh, how very glad the wise men were to see the star again! They went into the house, and they found there a young child about a year old. He was the King of the Jews; he was the Son of God, and had come down from God his Father in heaven. And why? That when he was a man he might die upon the cross to save us from going to hell. Oh, how kind he was!

This glorious babe had a mother. Her name was Mary. She took care of him: she dressed him in long clothes, she put him to sleep, she nursed him and loved him. Oh how she loved him, for she knew he was the Son of God. The wise men saw her in the house with the little king. What was this king's name? It was Jesus. The first thing the wise men did was to worship him. That was right; they knew he was the Son of God. All the angels in heaven worship him. Do you worship him? These wise men were rich; they had brought beautiful things with them from their own land: they made presents to the king: they opened their boxes, or bags, or baskets, and they took out the most precious thing in the world—gold; they also took out sweet-smelling gums, which flow from trees, and are called frankincense and myrrh.

Mary was very poor, but God had sent her

some gold. The wise men remembered what Herod had said. They meant to go back and tell him they had found the child. But they had a dream, and in that dream God told them not to go back to Herod; so they went back to their own country, and they did not go back to Jerusalem. Happy wise men! you saw the Lord of glory! Could they ever forget that sweet, that lovely babe? But he is more lovely now. He is in heaven, on the throne with God, and he will come down here some day, shining brighter than the sun.

But what did wicked Herod do when he found that the wise men did not come back? He was very angry. He was a very passionate man, and when he was angry every body might well be frightened. Herod said, "I will kill all the babes in Bethlehem, then I shall be sure to kill this young king among the rest." What a cruel man this Herod was! He sent his soldiers to Bethlehem to kill all the little children under two years old. It was of no use for mothers to hide their babes; the soldiers would find them out. It was of no use for mothers to hold their babes fast, the soldiers would pull them away. Oh, what screams, what bitter sobs must have been heard that day! Mothers love all their children, but the babe is so helpless, that they think more about it than about the rest. If you have a little baby brother or sister, you know that your

mother loves it very much indeed. Does she not call it many pretty names? Does she not often take it in her arms, and kiss it? Do you not pity the poor mothers of Bethlehem?

And did Mary lose her babe, and was the Son of God killed? Oh, no. Before Herod sent his men, God had sent an angel to Bethlehem. He came one night to Joseph; this good man was Mary's husband, and he loved the Son of God. The angel said to Joseph, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee unto Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him." So Joseph got up that night, and told Mary to get up, and to bring the babe with her; and they all sat out that night upon their long journey.

Herod did not know that the little king was gone away, and that it was of no use to kill all the babes in Bethlehem. God knows what wicked men will do. If a wicked boy were to intend to hurt you, God could get you out of his way. No one could kill the Son of God till he chose to die.

At last he was nailed to a cross and died, but he was soon alive again, and he will never die any more. He is the King of the Jews, and he is the King of all people. Pray to him, and he will hear you; praise him, and he will be pleased; trust him, and he will save you;

obey him, and he will remember you when he comes again.

You may read this history in Matthew 2: 1-16.

WORDS WRITTEN ON AN INFANT'S TOMB.

It died, for Adam sinned ;

It lives, for Jesus died.

THE HEAVENLY BOY

WHEN you walk in the streets of a great city, you see many boys playing about. Some of these are wicked boys, who swear, and steal, and tell lies. But there are some boys who fear God, and who speak the truth; yet even they sometimes do wrong. I never heard of more than one boy who always did right. This boy came down from heaven; he was the Son of God, and he is called the Lord Jesus Christ. The people in the town where he lived did not know that he was the Lord. They knew his name was Jesus, but they did not call him the Lord Jesus. He was a poor boy, and lived with a man called Joseph, who was a carpenter. Joseph, was not his father. God was his Father. He had a mother named Mary; she was a very good woman; she knew her little son came down from heaven. No mother ever had such a son as the Lord Jesus. He always minded what she said; he always behaved well to her, and treated her kindly.

One day he went a long journey with his mother and with Joseph; he was then twelve years old; he did not go in a coach or a wagon

he walked, or, if he rode at all, it was upon an ass. He came at last to a great city called Jerusalem. What did he go there for? It was to pray to God. There was a great building there, made of marble, very large and beautiful, where people worshipped God. Its name was the Temple.

In the spring all the men in the land went up to Jerusalem. When they got there they used to meet together, a few at a time, and eat a roasted lamb, and sing hymns, and pray to God. It was pleasant to go to this feast. Very often the fathers took their children with them, and sometimes the mothers went too.

When Jesus was twelve years old, he went up to Jerusalem with Joseph and Mary, and with their neighbors who lived in their town. He stayed there about a week. At the end of that time, Joseph and Mary sat out with their neighbors to return home to their own town. Did Jesus go home with them? No, he did not; but Joseph and Mary did not miss him at first; they thought he was with some of the neighbors, walking on a little before, or coming after them. But when the evening came they did not see him, and they began to be frightened. They asked all their neighbors where he was, but nobody knew. What could they do? They said they would turn back and look for him at Jerusalem. They did not find him on the road. At last they came to Jerusalem; they looked every

where for Jesus. At last they found him. Where was he? In the temple. What was he doing there? He was learning.

There were some wise men in Jerusalem who used to teach the boys about God and about the Bible. Jesus was at the temple learning of these wise men. When they asked him questions, he gave very good answers. Then he asked them questions. Teachers like to hear children ask questions; it shows that they wish to understand, and to grow wise.

Should you not like to know what questions Jesus asked? I should; but I do not know. But this I do know, that both his questions and his answers were so sensible, that his teachers were quite surprised. They had never taught such a child before. There never was such a child before, for this was the only child who came down from heaven.

Joseph and Mary were very much surprised to find Jesus in the temple. His mother said to him, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." Then Jesus answered, "How is it that ye sought me? Do you not know that I must be about my Father's business?"

Whom did he call his father? Not Joseph, but God in heaven—he was his Father. Jesus came down from heaven to please his Father. All the time he was in the world he never forgot his Father in heaven. He was always

thinking of him, and very often he was speaking of him. But wicked people did not like to hear him talk of his heavenly Father, and at last they killed him.

It was not till he had grown to be a man that he died. He let the wicked people kill him, because he wanted to save us from going to hell. We are sinners, and deserve to go to hell, but Jesus suffered for us, that we might be pardoned. When he was a little boy, he knew that one day he should be nailed to a cross. Other boys do not know what will happen to them when they grow up, but Jesus knew everything. Many boys think that they shall be very happy as soon as they are men, that they shall do what they like, and not mind any body. But Jesus thought only about minding his heavenly Father. When he was a child, he minded his mother too, but he always minded his heavenly Father.

Oh, how much I wish you would try to be like him. Jesus would be pleased if he saw you wishing to be such a child as he was. When you are going to do wicked things, ask yourself this question, "Did Jesus behave in this way when he was a boy?" Then ask God to make you like Jesus. You need not speak loud for God to hear. He hears your thoughts. You cannot always pray out loud, but you can pray in your heart at any time. When you are alone, speak to God, for he likes to hear you speak.

EARLY PIETY.

JESUS, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

At twelve years old, he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wond'ring stand ;)
Yet he obeyed his mother then,
And came at her command.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And blest their Saviour's name ;
They gave him honor with their tongue,
Whilst scribes and priests blaspheme.

Samuel, the child was wean'd and brought
To wait upon the Lord ;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

Then why should I so long delay,
What others learned so soon ?
I would not pass another day,
Without this work begun.

THE HEAVENLY DOVE.

WERE you ever in a church? Do you remember the first time you went to church or chapel? You saw a man standing in a pulpit in the midst of the church; you heard him speak loud, so that everybody could hear him—that man was the preacher. Did you hear anything he said? Do you remember anything? I know what he talked about. He spoke of God. It is to tell people about God, that preachers go up the stairs and stand in the pulpit. I am now going to tell you of a preacher who did not stand in a pulpit; he did not preach in a church or a chapel, but out of doors; he did not preach in the streets, but in the country, far away among the green hills. His name was John; he did not wear a white gown, nor a black gown, as many preachers do, but he dressed in very coarse clothes, and had a leathern band round his waist. He lived in a place called a desert, where there were no houses, and he ate the honey that he found in the holes of the rocks.

A great many people came to hear John. What did John say to them? He said, "Re-

pent." What does that mean? It means, "Turn from your wicked ways." John told the people that God hated sin—all kinds of sin, stealing, lying, swearing, and fighting. Some of the people wished to turn from their sins, and to please God. Then John took them to the edge of the water, and told them to go in. Why did he tell them to go in? Not to make their bodies clean, but to show how God cleansed their hearts from sin. This was called "baptizing." John baptized everybody who was sorry for their sins.

Would you like to have been baptized? Are you sorry for your sins? God can make your heart clean.

Among the people who came to be baptized, at last there came one who had never done anything wrong. Who could that be? All men have done wrong many times, but this man was the Son of God; he had come down from heaven, that he might save us from going to hell. His name was Jesus.

After Jesus had been baptized in the water just as he was coming out of it, and as he was praying to his Father, a very wonderful thing happened—the heavens were opened. How bright it would be, if we could see the place where God the Father lives beyond the sky! This is what John saw. Out of the heavens there came the Holy Spirit of God. He came down like a dove, and rested upon Jesus. Oh, what a lovely sight! Then a voice was heard

—it was the voice of God the Father in heaven: he said, “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”

Would you not like to have been there to have seen the Son of God, and the Spirit of God, and to have heard the voice of God? I hope you will one day see that glorious sight, and hear that heavenly voice. Jesus is in heaven now with God his Father, and he is still a man, as well as the Son of God. He died for sinners like you and me upon the cross, and he was buried; but he rose out of his grave, and went up to heaven.

And now he asks God to forgive sinners. Does God hear what his Son says? Oh, yes; you know the Father loves his Son, for he said, “This is my beloved Son.” Only ask Jesus to pray for you, and I know he will do it, and your sins shall be forgiven.

Perhaps you feel, “I am a wicked child; I am not fit to live with God.” Well, I am glad if you feel you are a sinner; but do not be afraid, Jesus can wash away all your sins, and make your heart clean. You know how clean very dirty things are made by the water. Jesus is better than water, he can wash all stains out of the heart. I know you wish to be happy, you may be happy.

There are horrible beasts called lions, tigers, wolves, and bears. Perhaps you have seen them shut up in cages. Wicked people are like wild beasts. There is a gentle bird called

a dove. It is a sweet, harmless creature. The Holy Spirit of God is like this dove. If this Holy Spirit were to come into your heart, you would grow gentle like a dove, and then you would be happy. But will the Holy Spirit come? Yes, Jesus has promised to send him into the hearts of all people who ask him. What a happy child you might be, if your sins were forgiven, if your heart was made clean, and if the heavenly Dove was with you. Should you not be happy? Oh, yes, even *now* you would be happy. But you would be happier still one day, for one day you would live with God.

I know not where your home is—whether in a garret, or a kitchen, or a pretty cottage, or a neat house. But if your home were a prison, you would be happy with the heavenly Dove, the Holy Spirit in your heart; and if you lived in a palace, if you were wicked, you would be unhappy, for God has said, “There is no peace to the wicked.”

Read this history in Matt. 3 : 13–17 ; Mark 1 : 9–11 ; Luke 3 : 21, 22.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart,
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have stray'd
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain,
And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

To him let children come,
For he hath said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wipe away.

CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

WHAT is that large house with high walls all round? It is big enough for a palace for the queen, but it is not pretty enough; there are no pleasant gardens near, no balconies nor verandahs, nor carved pillars. Is it a hospital for sick people, or a school for orphan children? No, for I see little windows with bars before them, and great iron spikes longer than your arm at the top of the walls. Is it a prison? Yes. How many wicked people there must be to fill so large a place, and how unhappy they must be shut up there! Why did they steal? Did they not know that if they were found out they would be sent to prison? Yes, they knew it; but there is a person who goes about teaching men to be wicked. Who is that? It is not a person you can see. No, he has not a body like yours, but he has a mind, and a wicked mind. His name is Satan, and he is often called the devil. He is very miserable, and he tries to make everybody miserable. He often puts it into the mind of a boy to wish to steal. When the boy sees nice rosy apples hanging on a tree, the devil

says, "Take them, they are so nice; nobody will see you."

But we ought not to please the devil, but to please God. It is God who made us, and we ought to obey him. When the devil wants you to be naughty, then say to God, "O keep me from sin." Satan is very bold. He tries to make everybody wicked. He tries to make ladies and gentlemen proud and unkind, and he wishes little beggars to swear, and to fight, and to tell lies.

Is there anybody who has never done what Satan wished? No, everybody has done many wrong things. Have not you? Have you never told a lie? Have you never been cross, and rude, and pert.

But there once was a man in this world who never did one wrong thing. This was the Son of God. He came down to live for a little while, and then to die; his name was Jesus: he knew we were wicked, and must be punished, so he said he would be punished, instead of us. But he was not wicked like us. Satan wanted to make him wicked.

Once Jesus went into a place quite alone; it was called a wilderness. No body lived there; there were no cornfields nor fruit trees, no sheep or cows, only lions and bears, who howled and roared; and there were stones upon the ground, not flowers—and deep pits, but no rivers, nor running brooks—and stinging scorpions and biting serpents. Jesus was a long

while in this horrible place quite alone, and all the time he ate no bread and drank no water. He was there forty days without eating or drinking anything. You would die very soon, if you had nothing to eat: you would not live four days, perhaps—you would certainly die in seven days. But Jesus lived forty days without food. It was God, his Father, who kept him alive.

At last Jesus was very hungry, and then the devil came to him. And did he dare to speak to the Son of God? Oh, yes. I told you he is very bold. He asked him why he did not make the stones into bread. Jesus could make stones into bread, but he would not because it was not the will of his Father. So, though he was very hungry, he would not make the stones into bread.

The devil then tried another plan. He took Jesus to the top of a very high place. Have you ever been to the top of a church? It was to such a high place that Satan took Jesus. Then he asked him to throw himself down from the top; and told him that God would tell his angels to keep him from being hurt. But it is very wicked to throw ourselves down from high places, and Jesus would not do it. Then the devil took him to the top of a very high mountain.

Were you ever at the top of a high mountain? There are some mountains five miles high, and it would take you two days to climb

up to the top; but I do not think a child like you could get up at all. Jesus did not climb up this mountain, Satan took him there all at once. Jesus let Satan take him there. When you are at the top of a high mountain it is very fine to look all round, and to see the fields and the towns a great way underneath. But no one ever saw so many beautiful sights as Jesus saw from the top of this mountain. He saw all the most beautiful things in the world, such as grand houses and sweet gardens, and armies of soldiers, and ships with flags, and carriages with horses, and tables covered with gold and silver cups, and thrones of ivory where kings sit, and crowns of jewels which kings wear. Then the devil told Jesus that he would give him all these things, for they were all his, and he gave them to whom he would. Was that true? Oh, no; the devil tells lies—everything belongs to God, for everything was made by him. Then Satan promised Jesus to give him all these grand things, if he would kneel down and worship him. Would Jesus do that? No, he would worship no one but God his Father. It is very wicked to bow down to images, or to pictures, or to pray to any body but God. When the devil found he could not make Jesus do one wicked thing he went away. But Jesus was very weary—God his Father knew that, and he sent his angels to feed him. Oh, now pleasant it must be to be fed by angels!—those kind and bright creatures who live

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with God. It was much better to be fed by angels than to turn the stones into bread.

How glad I am that Jesus did not do what Satan asked ! If Jesus had been wicked like us, he could not have saved us from going to hell to be with the devil ; but now he can. Do you want to be saved ? Would you like to live with Jesus ? I know you would be very miserable in hell. Now is the time to ask God to save you. God wishes to save you, Jesus wishes to save you, but the devil wants to torment you. If you do what the devil bids, you will go to hell. What can you do ? Ask God to save you.

THE HEAVENLY LAMB.

DID you ever spend a happy day? Perhaps you will say, "I have spent a great many happy days." What made those days so happy? Was it that you went into the country to play on the green grass; or was it that you saw some fine sights; or was it that you had a new book; or was it that you saw again your kind grandmother, or your eldest sister, or your brother who had been absent? I do not know what made you happy on your happy days. I am going to tell you of a happy day which two men spent—I think you will say, "It must have been a happy day."

Once there was a good man who preached to a great many people. He did not wear a black silk gown as some preachers do, but only coarse clothes; he did not preach in a pulpit, but under a tree, or by the water-side. His name was John; there were some men who liked to be with him, and these men were called his disciples. Once he was standing in the country with two of his disciples, when he saw a man walking along a little way off. When John saw this man he looked at him and then said to his disciples, "Behold the

Lamb of God." What did John mean? Was it a lamb he saw? No, it was a man. Why did he call him a lamb? I will tell you why. That man was God as well as man; he was the Son of God, and he was come down from heaven to die—yes, to die for our sins. God his Father sent him down to die for us, that we might not go to hell, and be punished forever and ever. The Son of God was like a sweet and gentle lamb, and was willing to die for us, though he had done no sin. How much pleased John was to see him! John loved him, and he wished his disciples to love him too.

One of those two disciples was called Andrew. I do not know the name of the other. If you had been Andrew, what would you have done when you heard John say, "Behold the Lamb of God? I think I hear you answer, "I would have gone after that gentle Lamb." That is what Andrew did. The two disciples went after the Son of God. His name was Jesus. While they were walking behind him, Jesus turned and said to them, "What seek ye?" How kind it was in the Son of God to speak to these poor men! They answered, "Master, where dwellest thou?" Jesus said, "Come and see." Was not this kind? The two men went to the house where Jesus lived. Did he ask them to come in? Yes he did, and he let them stay with him all the rest of the day.

Must not that have been a happy day? It

was a day spent with the Son of God. You never spent such a day as that. Yet Jesus could make you happy every day, for he can come into your heart. Should you not like to see the house where Jesus lived when he was in this world! I cannot show that, but I can tell you where Jesus is now. He is in heaven. If you wish to see him, ask him to take you there when you die. He is very kind, and hears children when they pray to him.

I have a little more to tell you about Andrew. He loved Jesus so much, that he wanted his brother to know him too. He had a brother called Simon, and he said to him, "We have found the Christ." It was Jesus that he meant; he called him the Christ. Simon did not know where Jesus lived, but Andrew did, and he showed his brother the way. How pleasant it is when brothers are kind to each other! As soon as Jesus saw Simon, he knew who he was, without being told, and he knew the name of his father, too, and he said, "Thou art Simon, the son of Jonas." Jesus knows the name of every one. He knows your name, and your father's name, and your mother's name. Jesus gave Simon a new name; he called him Peter. Why? There is a meaning in the word Peter; it means "a stone." Christ knew that Simon would be like a "stone." Is it good to be like a stone? A stone is very useful. Ask the mason whether a stone is not useful. Christ knew that Simon

would be a preacher, and do a great deal of good, so he called him "a stone."

Wicked people are not like stones, but like rubbish, for they are of no use ; they are like briars and thorns which prick, or like scorpions which sting, or like serpents which bite, or like wolves and lions, and bears which devour, or like dogs and pigs which eat vile food. But good people—what are they like ? They are like fruitful trees, like harmless sheep, like stones, or silver or gold.

My child, what are you like ? Are you a child of God, or a child of the devil ? If you are a child of God, you are like a gentle lamb, and Jesus is your shepherd, and carries you in his arms. If you are a child of the devil, then you are like the devil. How horrible he is. He loves sin and hates God.

I love the Lamb who died for me,
I love his little lamb to be ;
I love the Bible, where I find
How good my Saviour was and kind •
I love beside his cross to stay,
I love the grave where Jesus lay ;
I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise ;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit he sent down ;
I love to think the time will come,
When I shall be with him at home.

THE LAMB OF GOD.

SINNERS, "behold the Lamb of God,"
Who takes away our guilt;
Look to the precious, priceless blood,
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

From heaven he came to seek and save,
Leaving his blest abode:
To ransom us himself he gave—
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

Sinners, to Jesus then draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear—
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

In every state, and time, and place,
Naught plead but Jesus' blood;
However wretched be your case,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

NATHANAEL.



NATHANAEL was a good man. He lived in those days when the the Lord Jesus was walking about this world, and he lived in the same country as the Lord, and in a town very near the place where the Lord dwelt. Did Nathanael see him? Yes, he did. Should you like to hear how it was he saw him first?

Nathanael had a friend named Philip. These two friends, Nathanael and Philip, had often heard the Bible read out loud, and they had listened while it was read. There was one promise in the Bible which they had taken much notice of—it was this, that God would one day send his Son into the world. Nathanael and Philip thought this a great promise, and they wished to know the Son of God.

One day Philip came to Nathanael and said, "We have found him ; it is Jesus of Nazareth." Was this true ? Oh, yes ; Jesus of Nazareth was the Son of God. At first Nathanael thought that Philip had made a mistake, and that he had not really found the Son of God. Nathanael had heard that a great many wicked people lived in Nazareth, and he thought that the Son of God could not come from such a wicked city ; so he replied, "Can any *good* thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip gave a very short answer—it was this, "Come and see." Philip thought that if Nathanael were just to see Jesus, he would then be sure that he was the Son of God ; for though Jesus had a body like ours, and though he was poor, and weak, and sorrowful, he was so wise and so good, that there was no one ever seen like him.

Philip knew where to find Jesus, and he took Nathanael with him. How much Philip hoped that his friend would believe in the Saviour ! At last the two friends came within sight of Jesus. Did the Lord know who that man was walking with Philip ? Oh, yes, he knew who he was ; he had made him ; he gave him breath every moment ; he could look into his heart ; he knew all about him. As soon as he saw him coming near, he said, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile," or deceit. What did he mean by an Israelite ? There was a good man called Israel, who prayed very earnestly. Nathanael

was like that Israel, for he had prayed earnestly, and so he was an Israelite indeed. But he was quite surprized to hear Jesus speak of him as if he knew him, and he cried out, "Whence knowest thou me?" Then Jesus answered, "Before Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee." Had Nathanael been alone under a fig-tree? And what for? People who love God get often alone to pray to him, and God sees them and hears them when they are praying by themselves. Jesus had seen Nathanael hid under the thick branches of a shady fig-tree, when no one else saw him, and we may be quite sure that he saw him praying, and asking God to forgive his sins.

Nathanael knew that no one but God had seen him under the fig-tree; so when he heard what Jesus said, he knew that he was God, and he cried out, "Master, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." How happy Nathanael was to find the Saviour!

Jesus soon made him such a sweet promise! He said, "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." Nathanael has been dead a long while, but we are sure that he is now with Jesus in heaven, and that he will come again with Jesus and the angels at the last day.

Would the child who reads th's book like to see angels, and to see Jesus?

If you would, then go like Nathanael and pray all alone by yourself. You cannot go under a fig-tree, but there may be some bush behind which you can creep to pray, or you might pray by the side of your little bed when no one was near. God does not mind what place you are in. If you pray with your heart, he will hear you.

I have heard of a little black girl who often crept behind the bushes, and said, "Lord help me; Lord, teach me;" and God did help her, and sent her a good man to teach her about Jesus. Cannot you pray as that poor little black girl did? You can say to God, "O Lord, pardon my sins, because Jesus died upon the cross. Give me the Holy Spirit to make me good. May I live in the happy place with thee for ever and ever." God would be pleased to hear your young lips repeat such a little prayer as this.

If you wish to read the history of Nathanael in the Testament, look for John 1 : 43, to the end.

WE'RE travelling home to heaven above;
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
Will you go?
Millions have reach'd that blessed shore,
Their trials and labors all are o'er,
But still there's room for millions more :
Will you go?

We're going to walk the plains of light ;
 Will you go ?
 Far, far from death, and curse, and night ;
 Will you go ?
 The crown of life we then shall wear,
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven share ;
 Will you go ?

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb ;
 Will you go ?
 With joyful songs to praise his name ;
 Will you go ?
 Our sun will then no more go down,
 Our moon no more will be withdrawn,
 Our days of mourning past and gone :
 Will you go ?

The way to heaven is straight and plain ;
Will you go ?
Repent, believe, be born again :
Will you go ?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
“ Take up thy cross and follow me,”
And thou shalt my salvation see :
Will you go ?

O could I hear some sinner say,
 "I will go?"
O could I hear him humbly pray,
 "Make me go."
And all his old companions tell,
"I will not go with you to hell,
I long with Jesus Christ to dwell :
 "Let me go."

THE WOMAN AT THE WELL.

DID you ever take a journey, and how did you travel? The quickest way of travelling is by the railroad train. You may go in that way twenty-five miles in one hour. Another way of travelling is in a coach or omnibus. But people often go in a wagon, while others go on foot—that is a very slow way indeed. Twenty miles in a day is a good journey for a man, and as for a child, I do not think he could walk ten without being very much tired.

I am now going to tell you of a poor man who travelled on foot. Where was he going? Was it to his home? He had none. He was always going from place to place to teach people about God. This poor man was a very good man; he would often preach while people stood around and listened. I hope you never laugh at any poor man you see preaching in the streets. This poor man did not travel alone; there were twelve other poor men who went with him; they were his friends; they

liked to be with him, and to hear what he said about God and heaven.

One day this poor man was making a journey with his friends. It was very hot, and about the middle of the day ; he was tired, and hungry, and thirsty ; he saw a well of water just under a hill, and he sat down by it to rest himself. There was a town a little way off, and his friends went to the town to buy some food, so the poor man was all alone by the side of the well ; but though he was thirsty, he could not drink, for the well was deep, and there was no bucket there. Very soon a woman came to the well with a jug to fetch water ; the poor man said to her, "Give me to drink." He always spoke kindly, yet this woman behaved very rudely to him. She saw that this poor man was a Jew, and she did not like the Jews. I hope *you* do, for God loves the poor Jews. The woman would not give the thirsty traveller any water, because he was a Jew. Was the poor man angry ? Oh, no ; he was a meek, gentle, and patient man : he only told the woman, if she had asked *him* for water, he would have given *her* living water. The woman was surprised to hear this, and asked how he could give her water, when he had no jug, or bucket, and the well was deep. Then she began to say what good water there was in the well, and she was sure that the good man could not give her any better water. But the poor man told her that he could give her bet-

ter water than that; "for," said he, "who-soever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." Then the woman thought she would like such water as that, for she could not bear the trouble of coming to the well every day to fill her jug; so she said, "*Sir*," (for she was more civil now than she was at first,) "give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." But instead of giving her any water, the poor man began to talk to her about her sins, for he knew she was a wicked woman, and had done many wrong things. She was quite surprised to find that the stranger knew all about her—knew things which other people did not know. At last she said, "I see you are a prophet;" and so he was—the woman was right in thinking the poor man was a prophet. But still she did not guess who he was. At last he told her; and who do you think that poor man was? The Son of God! Oh, wonderful! The Son of the great God a poor man, sitting by a well! It is wonderful, yet it is true.

When the woman knew it was Jesus Christ who was talking to her, she left her jug and ran very quickly into the town. What for? To call the people to see the Lord Jesus Christ. She said to them, "Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" The people of the town went back with the woman to the well. Would you

have gone back with the woman? I think you would. The poor man was still sitting by the well, and his twelve friends were with him. But he had not eaten any dinner—he could not, for he was so glad about this woman and about the people of the town, for he was going to teach them, and to save their souls from going to hell. He liked saving souls. It was his delight. He had come down from heaven on purpose to save us.

The people from the town begged him not to go on his journey, but to stay with them; and so he went to the town and stayed there two days. How much he talked to the people while he was there! He told them about God his Father, and about sin and Satan, and hell, and that he had come to save them by dying for them. A great many of the people believed what he said, and loved him. Some had not believed when the woman said, “He has told me all I ever did.” But they did believe when they heard him speak themselves. “*Now*,” they said, “we believe that this is the Saviour of the world.”

Did the poor man give water to the people? Yes, he gave them water from heaven. What do I mean by “water?” “The Holy Spirit of God.” When people have the Holy Spirit in their hearts, they are happy, for then they love God. People who do not love God, are not happy; they are always trying to be happy, but they *cannot* be happy. Can money make

people happy? No. Can cakes and fruit? Can new coats and frocks? Can picture-books? Can fine sights? None of these things can make you happy *always*. They please for a little while, but the pleasure is soon over. But if you love God, you will always be happy—you will thirst no more.

Should you like to be happy? I know you would. Then go to Jesus. He is not sitting by a well now, yet you may find him, though you cannot see him. He is sitting on a throne in heaven. If you were to speak to him he would hear you. Say to him, "O Lord Jesus, make me happy. Give me thy Holy Spirit. I want to live with God, and not to go to hell." Jesus knows all the naughty things we have done. If he were to come into this room, he could tell you a great deal that I do not know. He saw one child go to the cupboard, when its mother's back was turned, and steal sugar. He heard another tell a lie—nobody found him out, but God knew it. He observes the spiteful pinch; he knows when big girls shake the little ones; he hears wicked children when they call their parents bad names—such names as I would not like to repeat; and he hears, too, when they speak any bad word: all, all is written down in God's book—nothing is forgotten, and all will be read out one day. But if you ask God *now*, he will forgive you *all*. Oh, ask him—ask him; he has promised to forgive you, if you ask, because Jesus died

for you. He forgave the woman at the well,
though she was a very naughty woman.

Read John 4 : 6-43.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death its joy will be
Lasting as eternity.
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

9*

THE FOUR FISHERMEN.

THERE were once four fishermen, two of them were brothers, and the other two were brothers. Two brothers were called John and James, and two were called Andrew and Simon Peter. These four fishermen were friends; they shared with each other all they caught, for they were partners in trade. They had two fishing boats, or little ships; they lived by the seaside. The best time for fishing is in the night. These men used to go fishing in the night.

A fisherman leads a hard life. When the wind blows and makes the sea rough, he is tossed about: his little boat is borne up by a high wave, and then it sinks into a deep place where the water rolls over it. The poor fisherman is wet to the skin, and has no fire by which to dry his clothes. He does not care for that, for now he sees a great wave rolling towards him which may perhaps swallow him up. When the sea is smooth he lets down his net to catch fish, but sometimes he cannot catch any; he takes it up out of the water, and finds it empty. While his children are sleeping in their little beds in his hut, he is toiling hard on the great sea. In the morning he returns

home chilled with the cold winds. If he has plenty of fish in his boat then he is glad, for he sells them to buy bread for his wife and children.

The four fishermen of whom I have told you, went one night in their two little ships to catch fish, but they could not catch any at all. In the morning they left their ships and went on shore, where they began to wash their nets. There came to the place where they were, a man whom they knew well and loved much. He was greater than any man upon earth yet, he was the friend of the fisherman. He looked like a poor man, yet he had made all things. Who could this be? It was Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He had come down from heaven to live in the world a little while. He preached very often to poor people. He was standing by the seaside, and a great crowd of people were standing round him, and they stood very close to him, listening to what he said.

Jesus wished to get out of the crowd, that he might preach to them more easily. He saw the two ships; he knew whose ships they were. He saw Simon Peter very near, washing his net, and he said he would go into his ship, and he told Simon to push it a little way into the water. When he was got into the ship, he sat down and preached to the people who were standing on the land. Now they could hear him very well, and they could see

nim better than before. It was a good plan to sit in a ship and preach.

The two brothers Simon and Andrew were in the ship with Jesus. These poor men must have felt tired after the sleepless night they had passed. Jesus knew all their troubles without their telling him, for he knew all things, because he was God. After he had done preaching, he told Simon to make his ship go further into the water, and then let down their nets to catch fish. Simon answered that they had been trying all night to catch fish and had not caught any, but that they would do what he told them to do. The Lord Jesus was pleased with Simon for doing what he told him. It is always best to do what he bids. Simon and Andrew let down their net, and then tried to pull it up again, but in trying to pull it up the net broke. What could they do now? All their fishes would soon get out of the net, if they did not make haste. They made a sign to John and James, who were in the other ship, to come and help them. Then all the four fishermen lifted up the net and took the fishes out of it: and there were so many that both the ships were filled, and were so heavy that they were beginning to sink. Then it was that Simon Peter fell down at the knees of Jesus, who was sitting in the ship, and said, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man." Why did he ask Jesus to go away from him? Did he not love him? Had

not Jesus been very kind to him, in letting him catch all these fishes? Yes, it was because Jesus had been so very kind that Simon asked him to go away, for he felt that he was not good enough to have such a friend. Perhaps Simon Peter, when he could not catch fish in the night, may have thought that God was unkind, and that he would let him starve; but now he saw how kind God was, and he was ashamed of himself. Have you never thought God unkind? It is a great sin to think so. God sometimes seems unkind, but he always has some wise reason for what he does. Now Simon Peter knew why he had caught no fish in the night. It was that he might see in the morning how wise, and strong, and kind the Lord Jesus was.

Did Jesus go away from him? Oh, no; he knew that Peter loved him. He said to him, "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men." What did he mean by catching men? He meant that Peter would catch the *souls* of men. He meant that Peter would tell men that Jesus was come down from heaven to die for their sins upon the cross, and save them from going to hell. Afterwards Peter was a preacher, and a great many men believed what he said, and turned to God, and were saved. So he did catch men, and so did Andrew, and John, and James; these four fishermen left off fishing, and became preachers.

When they had brought their two ships to

land, they left them, and went after Jesus. They followed him from place to place, and listened to his kind voice, and saw the wonders he did. At last they looked upon him as he was hanging on his cross, and they stood near when his body was put into the grave. When he was alive again, they saw him and were glad, and now they are with Jesus in heaven. When he comes again, they will come with him. It is a happy thing to belong to Jesus. Happy are the fishermen who love him now, and happy are the fishermen's children who love him, and happy are all the poor little boys who love Jesus!

This history may be found in Luke 5:1-11.

HOSANNA to the Son

Of David and of God,

Who brought the news of pardon down

And bought it with his blood.

To Christ the annointed King,

Be endless blessings given ;

Let the whole earth his glories sing,

Who made our peace with Heaven.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

WHEN a child dies, who is it sheds the most tears? Is it not the child's mother? If it be an only child who has died, how very unhappy the mother is! And if that mother be a widow, she is the more to be pitied, because she has no husband to weep with her. A long, long while ago a widow lost her only son. He was a young man. I do not know whether he was a good son or not, but this I know, his mother loved him. Soon after he died, he was put in a coffin, and carried by some men to be buried. The coffin had no lid—it was not like the coffins in this country, for they are screwed down.

The men were taking him out of the town where he had died into the country to be buried, and his mother walked near him, crying very much, and a great many people followed. They met on the road another crowd, who were going towards the town. There was no dead person in that crowd, but there was a very wonderful man called the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He had come down from heaven, and was living in the world; and he did such wonderful things that people followed him about from place to place. He saw

the poor widow weeping. He knew all about her trouble without being told ; he knew she had lost her only son, and he felt very sorry for her. He came up to her and said, " Weep not." But how could the poor mother help weeping ? Jesus could make her happy. He went up to the coffin where the young man was, and touched it. Immediately the men who carried it stood still. Then he said, " Young man, I say unto thee, arise." The young man was dead, how could he get up out of his coffin ? But the dead hear the voice of Jesus, because he is God. The young man sat up, and began to speak. I wonder what he said. Did he praise God, or did he ask to see his mother ?

Do you think the widow left off weeping now ? If she shed tears now, they must have been tears of joy. Jesus himself gave the young man back to his mother. How happily the widow and her son must have walked home together !

Every one who saw this wonder was very much surprised, and felt afraid. Many people said, " A great prophet has risen up amongst us." They thought that God had sent him. And so he had ; the Father in heaven had sent his Son down into this world : and why. To die. Jesus came to die for sinners. Why did he give life to the young man ? To show people that all he said was true. He could make all dead people alive now, but he lets them lie

in their graves till the day when he will come again. "Then all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth." What a day that will be! We often see a churchyard filled with graves; there are stones over some graves, but the green grass grows over many a coffin. The ground is full of dead people. What a sight it will be when all these dead people come up out of their graves! They will see Jesus seated upon a throne of glory, with all his bright angels round him. Then Jesus will judge the dead. He will say whether they shall go to heaven or to hell. Whom will he take to heaven? Those who believe that he died upon the cross to save them; those who love him, and serve him, and wish to see his face. Whom will he cast into hell? Those who forget him, and do not care for him.

Pray to Jesus to take you to heaven when you die. Some persons will be alive when Jesus comes again. He will judge them as well as the dead. If they love him, they shall have bright and glorious bodies like the body of Jesus. And the dead people, too, shall have new bodies. The young man whom Jesus made alive again had his old body still, and at last he died again; but those who are made alive at the last day, shall never die any more. The wicked shall be unhappy forever, and that is the worst sort of dying. It is called the second death. May you, my dear child, never feel what it is!

You may read the history of the widow's son in Luke 7: 11-16.

HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again ;
In heaven we part no more,
 Oh, that will be joyful !
 Joyful, joyful, joyful !
 Oh, that will be joyful !
When we meet to part no more !

All who love the Lord below,
When they die, to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
 Oh, that will be joyful !
 Joyful, joyful, joyful !
 Oh, that will be joyful !
When we meet to part no more.

Holy children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by praye
From every Sunday school.
 Oh, that will be joyful !
 Joyful, joyful, joyful !
 Oh, that will be joyful !
When we meet to part no more.

Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more,

Oh, that will be joyful !

Joyful, joyful, joyful !

Oh, that will be joyful !

When we meet to part no more.

Oh, how happy we shall be !
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne !

Oh, that will be joyful !

Joyful, joyful, joyful !

Oh, that will be joyful !

When we meet to part no more.

There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord,

Oh, that will be joyful !

Joyful, joyful, joyful !

Oh, that will be joyful !

When we meet to part no more.

THE WOMAN WHO WASHED THE SAVIOUR'S FEET.

WHEN the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, lived in this world, some people hated him, and some people loved him. Do you think you should have loved him? He was very kind, and gentle, and meek. You think you should have loved him. But I must tell you something else about him—he hates sin; he has seen all the naughty things you have done. Should you love him?

I will tell you the reason why some people loved him, and why some people did not. It is this: people who were sorry for their sins, loved him; people who were not sorry, did not.

There was a woman who had committed a great many sins. People thought her very bad. One day, when Jesus was sitting at dinner in a rich man's house, she went in, and she came behind him, and she stood there crying. What made her cry? It was her sins; she was sorry that she had often been very wicked. Jesus was reclining at dinner, for it is the custom in some hot countries to lie down when you eat. He was not lying down quite flat; he sat up, resting on his elbow, but his

feet were upon the sofa. The poor woman began to wash his feet—not with water, not in a basin—but with her tears. And how did she wipe them? With her own long hair. Then she kissed his feet, and poured sweet ointment on them.

The man who had invited Jesus to dine with him was called Simon; he was a proud man; he was angry when he saw the poor woman showing so much love to the Lord, and he thought in his heart, "If Jesus were really so wise as people think, he would know what sort of a woman that is, and he would not let her touch him." Did Jesus know what sort of a woman she was? Oh, yes; he knew all the bad things she had ever done, and he had forgiven her—quite forgiven her. Jesus saw into the woman's heart; he saw that she loved him for having forgiven her. He saw into the heart of the proud Simon; he knew all he was thinking about, so he asked him a question. First he told him a little history. He said, there were two men who owed some money; one owed a great deal, the other a very little. A kind man to whom they owed the money, said to both the men, "You need not pay me." "Which would love the kind man the best; the man who owed much, or the man who owed little?"

Simon answered, "The man who owed much will love the most." Was that a right answer? Jesus said it was a right answer.

Why did Jesus ask Simon this question? To show why the woman loved him so much. She loved him because she felt she had done a great many bad things, and that Jesus had forgiven all. And why did not Simon love him? Because he did not think he had done bad things; he thought he was very good, but he was not really good; he had behaved very rudely to the Lord. It was the custom in that hot country always to bring water in a basin to wash the feet of your friends before they sat down to dinner; and it was the custom to kiss your friends when they came to see you, and to pour some sweet oil upon their heads. Simon had done none of these things to Jesus. But the woman had washed his feet with tears, and had kissed them, and had poured ointment on them.

And why did the woman love the Lord so much? Jesus told Simon the reason; "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven." That was the reason she loved the Lord so much. Then Jesus said to the woman, "Thy sins are forgiven." How glad that poor woman must have been to hear Jesus, with his own kind and gentle voice say to her, "Thy sins are forgiven! Would she ever forget those words? Would she be afraid to die?"

But the men who sat at the table were angry when they heard those words; they thought that Jesus could not forgive sins; they did not believe that he was the Son of God; they did

not know that his Father had sent him down here to be nailed to a cross of wood, and to die for our sins.

Jesus did not answer those wicked men, but he spoke again to the woman. He said, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." Oh, what a happy woman she was! she was saved from hell by faith, that is, by believing in Jesus. This is the only way to be saved. We have all done more sins than there are hairs upon our head, but if we believe that Jesus died for our sins we shall be saved. It is not enough to say, "We believe," we must believe with our hearts; then we shall love Jesus, and hate sin.

A little girl of five years old once said to her mother, "Do you know when I feel the happiest?" Her mother answered, "I suppose when you are good." "No," said she, "but when I feel very sorry for having been naughty, and that God has forgiven me." That young child was like this poor woman; she knew she was a sinner, and she loved her Saviour.

You may read this history in Luke 7 : 36, to the end.

OH, tell me who is standing there,
With weeping eyes and flowing hair,
And box of ointment sweet :
Now on the ground she's bending low,
Her tears yet fast and faster flow—
They fall on Jesus' feet.

Ah, she whose love is now so strong,
Has wander'd far, has wander'd long,
And from her God has gone ;
But now with willing feet returns,
And now with deepest sorrow mourns
The deeds that she has done.

To her dear Lord such love she bears,
His feet she washes with her tears,
And wipes them with her hair ;
And then, with pious tenderness,
Fond kisses ceases not to press,
And pours the ointment rare.

THE WILD MAN.

THERE is one creature who hates men, and who is always trying to do them harm. He is not a man, he is a spirit, and he can go about without being seen. His name is Satan ; he is very wicked. God is very angry with him, and will not let him live in heaven with the good angels. Satan has a great many servants. He and his servants are called devils, and they all agree together to try to hurt us poor creatures upon earth. But God, who made us, can take care of us. Let us pray to him. Then all the devils can never do us harm.

A long while ago there was a man whom the devils made very miserable. The devils were in him. This man would not wear any clothes ; he would not live in a house, but he went to places where dead people were buried. There were no churchyards in those days. Dead bodies were buried among the hills and rocks, where no one lived. It was in those lonely places that this man liked to be. Every one was afraid of passing near the place where he was, for he was very fierce. Sometimes people got hold of him, and put chains round his hands and feet ; but he was so strong that

he broke them and got away again, and then he cut his own flesh with sharp stones, so that his body was covered with wounds and blood. It was dreadful to see him—and then to hear his cries, that was dreadful! You would have thought it was a wild beast, if you had heard his howls and his screams as you were walking among the lonely hills at night. I do not believe that there is any man now in the world in such a dreadful state as this poor creature was in, for there were a great many devils in him.

No doctor could have made this man well. But there was one person in the world who could do everything: Jesus, the Son of God, was then living in the world; he was a man, like your father or your uncle, only he was quite good. Jesus is a man still, as well as God, but he lives in heaven now with God his Father.

It was a happy thing for that miserable man that Jesus came near the place where he was. He ran to Jesus, fell down at his feet, and worshipped him. Then Jesus said, "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit." He answered, "What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the Most High God? Art thou come hither to torment me before the time?" It was the devils in the man who made him speak, for they made him do all they pleased. The devils did not like to be sent out of the man, and they begged Jesus not to send them quite away, but

to let them go into a great herd of swine that were feeding among the hills close by ; and Jesus said, "Go."

As soon as the devils were in those poor swine, a very strange thing happened. The swine no longer fed quietly on the grass, as they had done before, but they began to run violently all together down a steep hill into the water which was at the bottom, and they were all choked in that deep water and died. In a few minutes two thousand swine were destroyed. There were some people who were paid to look after the swine. When they saw that the poor beasts were all drowned, they were very much frightened, and ran into the town and told everybody what had happened.

Soon there was a great crowd of people standing near Jesus, and there was one sitting at the feet of Jesus who looked gentle and harmless. Who was that man ? It was the same who had once been like a wild beast, fierce, and naked, and miserable. Now he was clothed, now he was quiet, now he was happy. People remembered his face, and asked how he came to be so quiet. When they heard how Jesus had told the devils to come out of him, and how the devils had gone into the pigs and destroyed them, the people were frightened. Why were they frightened ? Ought they not to have been pleased ? A man is worth more in God's sight than all the beasts in the world, because he has a soul, which beasts have not

—because he will live forever, which beasts will not—because he can think of God, which beasts cannot. The foolish people begged Jesus to leave them. Why did they not bring their sick children to him to be made well? Why did they not bring their blind and lame parents to be cured? They were foolish indeed. I am afraid that they were too sorry at having lost their pigs, and were afraid of losing other beasts. Jesus would not stay with them, as they did not want him. He had come in a ship over the water, and he got into a ship to go away. But before he went there was a poor man who asked to go with him. You can guess who it was. But Jesus said, “Go home to thy friends, and tell them what great things the Lord hath done for thee.” So the man went home, and told everybody in the town how Jesus had made him gentle and happy. I do not wonder that poor man wanted to be with the Lord Jesus, but it was better to stay behind and tell his friends about him.

Jesus will do great things for you, my child, if you ask him. He can keep you from the devil, and from going to hell to burn forever. Jesus came into this world that he might take us away from the devil. Jesus was nailed to a cross and died, that we might not be sent to hell. Satan is very angry with Jesus, and he wants nobody to love him. But if you pray to Jesus to forgive your sins, and to give you his Holy Spirit, Satan will not be able to hurt

you. Would you like to live with Jesus? If you were to see him, would you do as the poor man did? Would you wish to follow Jesus, or would you do as the foolish people did? Would you beg Jesus to go away? Ask the Lord Jesus now to come into your heart; say, "Come, Lord Jesus."

This history may be found in Matthew 8 : 28, to the end ; Mark 5 ; 1-20 ; Luke 8 : 26-40.

I HATE the Tempter, and his charms,
I hate his flattering breath ;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

Now he persuades : " How easy 'tis
To walk th'e road to heaven ;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
" They cannot be forgiven."

Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit ;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

THE CHILD WHO DIED AND LIVED AGAIN.

DID you ever see a person who was dead? Perhaps you have seen one of your own brothers and sisters lying on a death-bed. What a change takes place when we die! No more breath comes out of the mouth, no color is seen on the cheeks; the eye can look on us no longer, nor the tongue speak to us; the body soon grows cold and stiff; it has no more feeling than the ground on which we tread. And why? Because the soul is gone out of the body. While the soul or spirit is in us, we are alive; but when it is gone out, then we are dead. The soul can never die, but the body is only made of dust, and it soon crumbles away and becomes dust again.

No one can make a dead person alive again. Yet once there was a man in this world who made dead people alive. Who was that man? He was called Jesus; he was not only a man, he was God, too; he was the Son of God. Most people would not believe that he was the Son of God, though he said he was. Yet we are sure he said true, for if he had been a wicked man he could not have made dead peo-

ple alive again. God his Father was with him, and this was the reason he did such wonderful things. One day a rich man came to Jesus, and fell down at his feet, and begged him to come to his house. He said, "My little daughter is dying." He was very unhappy, he loved his little girl very much, and she was his only child. His name was Jairus, but I do not know the name of his little girl. I do know her age, she was twelve years old. The father thought if Jesus only put his hands upon her he could make her well.

The Son of God was very kind to people in trouble. He went with the father, and a great crowd followed him. As he went along the road, he was pressed on every side by those who wanted to see him and to hear what he said.

Before he reached the rich man's house, some people came and said to the father, "Thy daughter is dead." They told him it was now of no use for Jesus to come. They little knew what he could do; but Jesus told the Father not to be afraid, for she should be made well.

When he came to the house, he only allowed three of his friends to come in with him. Their names were Peter, James and John. There was a great noise and bustle in the house; there were men playing music, and people weeping and crying out with loud voices because the girl was dead. When Jesus came into the room where she was lying, he said

to these people, "Why make ye this ado and weep? The damsel is not dead but sleepeth." Then they began to laugh at him for they knew the child was dead. Why did Jesus say she slept? Because she was soon to be made alive. Her death was like sleep.

Jesus would not let the people who mocked stay in the room, but he let the girl's father and mother be there, and his own three friends. There were just these five in the room with him when he went to the bed and took hold of the girl's hand, and said, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise." Immediately her spirit (or her soul) came again into her body. Then she was alive. She was now quite well; she was not weak now, as she had been; she got up out of her bed and walked about. Then Jesus desired that something might be given her to eat. Her parents were very much surprised. They had been afraid that Jesus would not be able to make her alive. They did not know he could do every thing. He made all our bodies and gave us souls, and one day he will call all the dead people out of their graves.

I wonder whether that young girl loved Jesus. She was old enough to understand what he said. At twelve years old, children can understand almost as well as men and women can; they learn more quickly, and remember better. Though they love play still, yet they have a great deal of sense. Some children at twelve years old begin to take great

pains with their learning; then they get on very fast. Some begin to be very useful; they can do more now than take care of the baby, or run upon errands. If they are steady, and tell no lies, they are trusted and get on well in the world.

Some children at twelve years old think about their souls, and say, "What would become of me if I were to die?" They go and hear sermons, and they can understand them. They look in the Bible, and they can understand a great deal which they read. Then some begin to pray, and to say, "Merciful God, give me thy Holy Spirit, for the sake of Jesus Christ."

But there are some who, at twelve years old, will mind their parents no longer. They say, "We are not little babies now, we will do as we please." They forget all the kindness their parents have shown them for twelve years, and they forget the words that God has spoken, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

You can read the history of the daughter of Jairus in your Bible, in Mark 5, verses 23, 24, and 35 to end; Luke 8 : 41, 42, and 49 to end.

THE DYING CHILD.

WHY do you weep ?

I am falling asleep,
And Jesus my Shepherd,
Is watching his sheep ;

His arm is beneath me,

His eye is above ;
His Spirit within me

Says, " Rest in my love :

With blood I have bought thee,

And washed thee from sin ;

With care I have brought thee

My fold to be in ;

Refresh'd by still waters,

In green pastures fed,

Thy day has gone by—

I am making thy bed."

THE LANCING GIRL.

A LONG time ago, there was a young girl who could dance very well. Her name was Salome. Her parents were rich and great, but they did not love or fear God, and they had brought up their child in a foolish, wicked manner. Her uncle was a king. His name was Herod. One day, king Herod made a great supper to his lords and captains. It was his birthday, and this was the way in which he kept the day.

While the lords were eating and drinking, and making merry, in came a young girl. What business had a young girl to come in at such a time? She ought to have been at home with her mother. It was Salome who came in. She began to dance before the lords. Her uncle was much delighted with her dancing, and so were the lords. But oh, what a bold girl she was! She ought to have been ashamed to dance before all those gentlemen. It was her mother who had brought her up in this wicked manner.

Her uncle Herod wished to reward her for lancing, and he said, "Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give it thee." Was Herod a kind uncle? It is not kind to encourage

the young in foolish ways. I cannot call him kind. What should you think Salome would wish to have? Some children would have asked for a doll, some for a new frock, some would have asked to ride out with their uncle the next day, and some would have asked for a holiday. But you could never guess what Salome asked for. She knew not herself what to ask for, but she ran to her mother and told her what the king had said.

Now her mother was a very wicked woman indeed, much more wicked than King Herod. Her name was Herodias. She soon told the little girl what to ask her uncle for.

There was a good man shut up in prison. Why had he been put in prison? He was not a thief, or a murderer; he had done nothing wrong, but he had offended Herod? How? He had told the king of his wicked ways. The king in anger had shut him up, but he did not intend to kill this good man; he was afraid of doing that. Now Herodias hated this holy man very much, and she told her daughter to ask the king to give her the head of John the Baptist in a great dish. Oh, what a dreadful thing to ask for! I wonder the girl could do it. It was right in her to ask her mother's advice, but when she heard her mother speak such wicked words, she ought to have said, "Oh, mother, I cannot ask for that good man's head; let me rather ask that he may be let out of prison." But Salome was quite ready to do what her

mother wished; she ran quickly back to the king, and said, "Give me the head of John the Baptist in a dish." The king was very sorry to hear this speech, but he thought to himself, "I must keep my promise; I have said I would give Salome whatever she asked, and I must do it; if I do *not*, the lords sitting at the table will laugh at me." What a foolish man Herod was! He ought not to keep a promise to do a wicked thing. It is better that men should laugh at us, than that God should be angry. Herod immediately commanded a man to go and cut off the head of John the Baptist. The man went, and with his sword cut it off.

Do you think John was frightened when the man came with the sword to kill him? Oh, no; I am sure he was ready to die, for he knew that God had pardoned all his sins and that he would take him to heaven.

His head was placed in a dish, and given to the cruel girl. How could she bear the sight of that bleeding throat! She carried the dish to her mother. I do not know what that wicked woman did with the bloody head. No doubt she was pleased to look upon it, and to think that the tongue that used to speak against sin could speak no longer. But she will not be pleased at the last day, when the Lord Jesus comes to judge the world. Jesus once died for sinners upon the cross, but when he

comes again he will punish those who go on in their sins.

What became of the body of John the Baptist? His friends came to the prison and asked for his body, and they took it and laid it in a grave; and then they went and told the Lord Jesus all about the death of John, for Jesus was then walking about this world, though now he is in heaven with God his Father, and the soul of John is with him there. One day Jesus will call the body of John out of the grave where he is laid, and he will give him a new body, all glorious, that will never die.

If you love Jesus, you will be happy for ever and ever. Perhaps you may die when you are young; perhaps wicked people may shut you up in prison and kill you, but you need not be afraid.

You may read this history in your Bible, in Matthew 14: 6-12; Mark 6: 21-29.

HAPPY the children who are gone
To live with Jesus Christ in peace,
Who stand around his glorious throne,
Redeemed by blood and sav'd by grace

The Saviour, whom they loved below,
Hath kindly wiped their tears away;
No sin, no sorrow, there they know,
But dwell in one eternal day.

There to their golden harps they sing,
While tens of thousands join their songs,
Hosannas to the immortal King,
To whom immortal praise belongs.

O glorious Lord, and when shall we
Be brought with them in bliss to join.
Thy lovely countenance to see,
And sing thy mercies all divine ?

THE SUPPER ON THE GRASS.



It is very pleasant to feed hungry people. Teachers are very much pleased to see poor children at a feast, drinking milk or tea, and eating cake, or bread and butter. They like to see them sitting on the grass in summer, and the kettle boiling on a fire of sticks. Kind teachers like to hear their little scholars singing thanks to God in some sweet verse that they have learned. This is a verse that I have heard children sing before their meals :

“ Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored ;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee.”

Bread and milk are God's creatures, for God created them. You are his living creatures. I hope you may live with him in heaven in paradise. And this is another verse that I have heard children sing after their meals :

“ We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood ;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.”

Do you know that the Son of God once came down to be a man, and to live in this world ? He was called Jesus Christ. He once fed a great many hungry people. These people had come from a great way off ; they had left their cottages, and had walked among the green hills. Many of the mothers had brought their little children with them. All day long the people had been among the hills. They had seen Jesus curing sick people, and they had heard him talk about God his Father in heaven. They liked to be near him ; they stayed till it was getting dark, and till they were quite hungry. They had not brought enough food with them, and there were no houses nor shops there. What could they do ? They had a great way to go home, and the little children would be very tired, and would be crying for their supper, and the mothers would not be able to carry them, and even the fathers would be quite weary. Jesus was

very kind. He pitied the poor people. He said to one of his friends named Philip, "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" Philip was surprised that his Master should talk of buying bread for so many people, for there were more people than you ever saw at church; there were enough to fill ten churches. But Jesus did not mean to *buy* bread for them; he had another plan in his mind. His friends told him to send the people into the villages near, that they might buy bread for themselves. But Jesus said, "No, they need not go away. How many loaves have ye?" One of his friends, named Andrew, said, "We have only five loaves and two little fishes; but what are they among so many?" You know, dear children, how soon five loaves are eaten up. A school of fifty children would soon get through five loaves. But Jesus told his friends to make the people sit down on the grass. Soon the green grass was covered with people sitting in rows, as children do at school, fifty men in every row. There were in all one hundred rows of men, besides women and children. How many men were there? Five thousand.

Then Jesus took the five loaves and the two fishes, and looked up to heaven and gave thanks to his Father, and brake the bread, and gave a piece to each of his friends, and a little piece of the fishes. Then the twelve friends went to the men sitting on the grass, and gave

some to each. How surprised everybody was to find that this little bread was enough for the suppers of all these people—yes, and more than enough. This was the great wonder that Jesus did, for he is God and can do everything. He made us, and keeps us alive.

The people could not eat all the bread. A great deal was left. What was done with it? Jesus would not let it be wasted; he told his friends to take some baskets, and to gather up the bits of bread and fish. Twelve baskets were filled with these bits. Everybody was astonished to see what had been done that evening; they had never seen anything like it before. That evening they talked a great deal about Jesus, and said they felt sure that God had sent him into the world. And so he had. Do you know why? Was it to teach people that Jesus came down here? It was not only to teach them as I teach you, it was to do something else that I could not do for you—it was to die for them. Men are wicked; they have offended God, and they deserve to die. But God is kind and merciful, and he gave up his only Son, and said Jesus should die instead of men—and Jesus has died; he was nailed to a cross of wood. Do you not think those little children loved him who sat on the grass by the water-side, and who ate the bread that Jesus gave? Yes, I think they did. And will not you love him too, now that you hear he died for you? He is alive now.

He is sitting in Heaven on his Father's right hand; he knows whether you love him; he gives you food every day, for it is he makes the rain to fall and the sun to shine upon the corn growing in the fields; he puts it into the hearts of rich people to give bread to little fatherless children. But if you love Jesus, you will try to please him. He hates wickedness. Do not swear, do not steal, do not tell lies, do not fall into a passion, do not call names, do not be rude, or pert, or disobedient. Be gentle, like the lambs that sport in the spring among the buttercups; be gentle, like the doves that moan so softly among the trees. Jesus is gentle, like a lamb. The Holy Spirit is gentle, like a dove. Jesus calls the children who love him, his lambs; and like a kind shepherd, he carries them in his arms.

Here is a verse out of the Bible about Jesus: "He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom."—Isa. 40 : 11.

You may read about the five loaves in four parts of the Testament: Matt. 14: 15-21; Mark 6: 35-43; Luke 9: 12-17; John 6: 3-14.

CHRIST IN THE STORM.

THERE are a great many troubles in this life. —ask your father and your mother whether this is true. Your father will say, “I have had a great many troubles;” perhaps he will say, “I have found it hard to get bread for my children.” Your mother will say, “I have had a great deal of sorrow in bringing up my little family.”

My dear child, have you had any troubles? I am sure you have had some. Have you ever felt great pain? Have you lost a little brother or sister? Have you got into disgrace? Have you been punished for your faults?

There is one Friend to whom every one may go in every trouble. It is Jesus, the Son of God. When we are unhappy, if we cry unto him, he will hear us and help us. Once he lived upon this earth, and was a man. Now he is in heaven, and he is a man still, as well as God.

I will tell you how he helped some of his friends out of trouble when he lived in this world. His friends were called disciples. One evening they went into a ship. Jesus did not go with them; he stayed where he was,

and spent the night alone on the top of a mountain, praying to his Father. God was his Father. The disciples were in their little ship on the water, when the wind began to blow very hard indeed. The waves rose high, and the ship was tossed about. Every moment the poor men were afraid that the water would fill their ship, and that they should sink to the bottom of the sea.

All night long, the disciples were in sad distress, trying with all their might to row their ship to land, but all they could do was of no use. At last they saw a man walking on the sea. There he was in the midst of the great waves, walking as on the dry land. He went faster than the ship, and seemed as if he would pass by it. The disciples did not know who it was. They thought it could not be a man with a body like ours; they supposed it was a spirit, who has no body. They were very much frightened, and they cried out in their trouble. Then they heard a voice saying, "It is I; be not afraid." Whose voice was that? You know, and they knew; it was the voice of Jesus. Though the winds were whistling and the waves roaring, his voice could be heard.

One of the disciples, named Peter, said, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water." Jesus said, "Come." So Peter got out of the ship and walked on the water to go to Jesus. He believed that Jesus could help him to walk on the water, and Jesus did help

him. But when Peter saw how high the wind was, he began to be afraid. This was wrong. He ought to have trusted in Jesus. Soon he felt that he was sinking, and he cried out, "Lord, save me." Jesus heard that short prayer; he was very near, and he stretched out his hand, and caught hold of Peter.

Trusting in God is called faith. Peter had a little faith, but not much. So he was able to walk on the water a little way, but not far. Jesus went into the ship and took Peter with him, and as soon as he was there the wind left off blowing. Then all the disciples came round him and worshipped him, saying, "Truly thou art the Son of God."

It is this Jesus who can help you in your troubles. Will you trust him? Do not be like Peter and only trust him a little while, but go on trusting in him, and you will find that he will keep you safe and make you happy. He forgives sins, which no one else can do, because he died upon the cross to save us from our sins. When we are dying he will not leave us if we trust in him, but he will comfort us and take us to heaven.

This history you will find in Matthew 14 : 22-33; Mark 6 : 45-52.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load

I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in him,
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I love the name of Jesus—
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord !
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name is spread abroad.

I long to be like Jesus—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus—
The Father's holy child.

I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

'Twas when the sea with horrid roar,
A little bark assail'd,
And pallid fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevail'd ;

Save one—the captain's darling child,
Who fearless view'd the storm,
And, playful, with composure smil'd
At danger's threat'ning form.

“Why sporting thus,” a seaman cries,
“Whilst sorrows overwhelm ?”
“Why yield to grief ?” the boy replies,
“My father's at the helm !”

Safe in his hands whom seas obey
When swelling surges rise,
He turns the darkest night to day,
And brightens lowering skies.

Then upward look ; howe'er distress'd,
Jesus will guide thee home
To that eternal port of rest
Where storms shall never come.

THE PRAYING MOTHER.



CAN we pray too much? No, we cannot. God likes to hear us pray; he is never tired of listening to us. Is he not kind? Men are soon tired of hearing beggars ask for money, but men are not like God.

When Jesus the Son of God was in this world, he cured a great many people who were sick; he just spoke, and they were made well. Sometimes he wished to be alone, for Jesus was a man as well as God, and he had need of food and sleep. One day he went into a house, and he did not want any body to know where he was gone. But people soon

asked each other where he was, and they found out the place.

There was one poor woman who longed very much to see him. I do not think she had ever seen him, but she had heard of him. She had been brought up to worship idols; she did not belong to the people of Israel, who worshipped the true God. No, she was a poor heathen, but Jesus cares for the poor heathen; and you will see how kind he was at last to this woman.

She had a little girl very ill at home. A wicked spirit, called a devil, tormented her. The mother knew that Jesus could make her little daughter well, so she went to the house where he was. I do not know whether Jesus was still in the house. I think he had come out of it, and was walking. His friends were with him. There were twelve men who went about with Jesus from place to place, and he called them his friends, and his disciples.

When the poor woman saw Jesus, she cried out, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." Why did she call Jesus the son of David? David was a great king, who had long been dead, and Jesus was one of his children's children. Jesus liked to hear people call him the son of David.

What did he say to this poor woman, when she seemed so unhappy? He said nothing at all; so she went on crying out for mercy.

The disciples did not like to hear the poor woman crying out, 'Have mercy on me!' As they walked along with Jesus, the poor woman followed them with her cries. So the disciples went to Jesus, and said, "Send her away, for she crieth after us." How unkind this was! How selfish the disciples were! Instead of begging their Master to have mercy on the poor mother, they wanted him to tell her to go away. They knew she was a poor heathen, so they despised her.

But Jesus did not despise her; he loved her very much indeed. Yet at first he seemed unkind, for he said, "I am not sent unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." This poor woman was not an Israelite. Did she go away when she heard Jesus speak in this way? No, she did not; she came nearer than before; she fell at his feet and worshipped him, saying, "Lord, help me." What a short prayer—only three words! but it came from the heart; it was such a prayer as God likes to hear. Yet Jesus still seemed unkind, for he said, "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." Did he mean, that this poor woman was a dog, and that the people of Israel were his children? Oh, no, he did not really think this woman was a dog; he only spoke so, that she might go on praying. She made a very sweet answer this time. She said, "The dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." Was not that a meek

answer, and a wise answer? She did not say she was not a dog; she meant to say, "If I am a dog, may I not have crumbs? Though you love the people of Israel best, yet you will have pity on a poor heathen like me." This is what she meant to say.

Jesus left her waiting no longer. He said to her, "O woman, great is thy faith; go thy way, the devil is gone out of thy daughter." So the woman went home, and found her daughter lying on the bed. The devil had left the girl at the very moment when Jesus spoke. Then the girl grew quiet and easy, but it seems she was weak and tired, and wanted rest.

Could the mother ever forget what Jesus had said, "O woman, great is thy faith?" Jesus had praised her. Why was he so much pleased with her? Because she believed that he was kind and merciful. Jesus likes to have us believe that he is kind. Whatever happens, we ought always to think "Jesus is kind." Did he not die for us on the cross? Does he wish to hurt us? Are you in great pain? Still think "Jesus is kind." Then go and pray to him. Is your father ill, and not able to work? Is your little baby brother, whom you dote on, lying in his coffin? Are your clothes ragged? Is there nothing for dinner but a cold potatoe or a dry crust? Still, remember "Jesus is kind; he will hear you, if you pray to him."

You may read the history of the praying mother in Matthew 15: 21-28.; Mark 7: 24-30.

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat
They have ever kept in view?

"I from Greenland's frozen land,"

"I from India's sultry plain,"

"I from Afric's barren sand,"

"I from islands of the main;"

"All our earthly journey past,"

"Every tear and pain gone by,"

"Here together met at last,"

"At the portal of the sky."

Each the welcome "Come" awaits

Conquerors over death and sin:

Lift your heads, ye golden gates,

Let the little travellers in.

CHRIST SHINING ON THE MOUNTAIN

DID you ever try to think how the Lord Jesus looked when he was walking about this world? There is no picture of him to be seen, but we find in the Bible that he appeared like other men. He was not bright as angels are, neither did he wear fine clothes, as princes do. If you had seen him, you would have taken him for a poor man; you could not have told by his looks that he was the Son of God, that he was the King of kings, the Creator of the world, and of the sun, and of the moon, and of all the stars. We are quite sure that there was a meek, kind, gentle look in his face, because his heart was full of love. We know, also, that he was sorrowful, and that he often shed tears, and groaned, and prayed. There must have been a look of sorrow in his face.

But one day he let his friends see a wonderful change in him. He took three of his disciples to the top of a mountain; their names were Peter, James, and John. I am not sure what was the name of the mountain, but I believe it was called Tabor. When Jesus wished to be in a quiet place, he often went

to a mountain, because it is not easy to climb up high places, so that it is very seldom that people come there. Why did Jesus wish to find a quiet place? Because he was going to pray to his Father in heaven. While he was praying, the disciples saw a great change in him. His face shone like the sun, and his clothes became as white as snow, and as bright as the light. There were never any clothes seen on earth so white and shining.

Two men were with Jesus. Where had they come from? From heaven. They were two men who had lived upon the earth a long while ago, and who had been taken to heaven; and now they were come down to talk with the Lord Jesus. One of these men was named Moses; he had once died, and God had buried him. The other man was Elijah; he had never died, but had gone to heaven in a chariot of fire; he had been carried by bright angels into heaven. And what were these men talking about? They were speaking about a very sad and sorrowful thing that would soon happen—about Jesus being nailed to the cross for our sins. How sweet it must be to listen to heavenly men, and to hear them talk with the Son of God! I do not wonder that the disciples were pleased. At last it seemed as if these men, all bright and glorious, were going back to heaven. Then Peter said, "Lord it is good for us to be here: let us

make three tents; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elijah."

Peter wanted to have these heavenly men always with him, but they could not stay down here. Peter did not know what he said, for he was very much afraid. While he was speaking, a bright cloud came over them. What could this cloud be? The disciples were frightened when they saw it round them. Then a voice came out of the cloud, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." Whose voice was that? It was the voice of God the Father. The disciples were afraid when they heard it, and they fell upon their faces. They could not look at the brightness of that cloud, for God was there; but the great God did not hurt them. He did not punish them for their sins, nor say he would send them to hell. No: he only commanded them to hear his beloved Son. He sent his Son into the world to save us, and if we believe in Jesus we shall be saved.

I do not know how long the disciples remained with their faces on the ground, but they did not dare to look up, till they felt some one touch them, and heard a gentle voice, "Arise, and be not afraid." Whose touch was that? Whose gentle voice? When the disciples looked up, they saw Jesus; the bright cloud shone there no longer. The disciples looked round about,

but they could not see the two heavenly men . there was no one but Jesus. They were not afraid to be alone with him, for they knew him well, and loved him too. They walked down the mountain with him.

Could they ever forget the glorious sight they had seen at the top? They could not, but Jesus said to them as they walked, "Tell no man what you have seen, till the Son of man be risen again from the dead." Jesus called himself the Son of man. The disciples did not know he would soon be buried in a grave, and that he would rise again in three days. But they minded what Jesus said, and told no one about the brightness on the mountain, till after Jesus had been crucified and had come to life again. Then they told people all that you have now heard. Is it not a very wonderful history?

Jesus is now shining as bright in heaven, as he shone on that mountain. When you see him coming in the clouds, he will look very glorious. Good men who lived a long while ago will come with him. Abel, who was killed by his wicked brother; Noah, who was saved when the world was drowned; Moses, who was hidden in a basket when he was a babe; David, who sang sweet psalms and played upon his harp; Elijah, who was fed by ravens; Daniel, who was not eaten by the lions in the den—all of them will be there; and if you love Jesus, you shall stay with him

for ever, and you shall be with those holy men, and with the holy angels. Oh, how happy you will be ! But those who do not love the Lord, will be shut up with the devil in a dark place for ever and ever.

You may read the history of Christ on the mountain in Matt. 17 : 1-9 ; Mark 9 : 2-10 ; Luke 9 : 28-36.

Lo, he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumphs of his train ;
Hallelujah ! God appears on earth to reign.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air :
Hallelujah ! See the day of God appear !

THE MISERABLE BOY

THERE is a wicked creature called Satan, or the devil; he is not a man, neither is he a beast; he is a spirit; he has not a body, as you have, but he can think—he thinks of doing wickedness; he hates God, and he hates everybody; he hates you, my little boy, and my little girl—he would like to make you unhappy; he is very unhappy himself, and he tries to make us unhappy, too. One day God will shut him up in a dark prison, but now he lets him walk about this world; yet hell is the devil's home. There are a great many devils, and they help one another to do harm. Satan is the prince of the devils, and tells the rest what to do.

I am now going to tell you of a poor little boy who was made very wretched by one of the devils. It seemed as if this boy was mad. A wicked spirit was in him, and tormented him. This spirit was deaf and dumb. Sometimes it would tear the boy, and make him cry out with pain, and foam at the mouth, and gnash his teeth, and fall on the ground. Sometimes this poor child would rush into the water to drown himself, and sometimes into the fire

to burn himself. His father loved him, and could not bear to see him in this dreadful state. But his father could not cure him, nor could any doctor.

At last this poor man heard that there was a man who had cured a great many people as wretched as his son. This man was called Jesus Christ. He was the Son of God, and had come down from heaven to save us from Satan and all the devils. The father of the boy thought, "I will take my dear son to Jesus, and ask him to cure him."

The Lord Jesus had some friends who walked about with him, and these men were called his disciples. The poor father saw them first. Jesus was not with them; he was gone away for a little while to pray to God his Father in heaven, upon the top of a hill. What could the poor man do now? Could the disciples help his boy? He begged them to try. Jesus had once told them that they should be able to cast out devils; so they tried to cast the devil out of this boy, but they could not. A great crowd of people gathered round the boy and the disciples, and some wise men were there, called scribes; those scribes did not love Jesus, and they were always glad when the disciples could not do wonderful things.

No one knew when Jesus would come back. At last the people saw him coming, and they ran to meet him. How glad the poor father must have been to see Jesus! He fell on his

knees, and said, "Lord, I beseech thee look upon my son, for he is my only child." And then he told him all about the boy. Jesus said, "Bring thy son hither." But as the boy was coming, the devil threw him on the ground, and there the poor creature lay foaming at the mouth. Ah, that devil knew who Jesus was—all the devils know the Son of God, and are afraid of him.

The poor man was very unhappy to see his son lying in such pain upon the ground, and he said to Jesus, "If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us." If the father had known Jesus better, he would not have said, "*If* thou canst;" he would have felt quite sure that Jesus could cure him. Then Jesus asked the man whether he believed. What could the poor father say? He did believe a little, but he did not believe as much as he ought. Immediately the man cried out, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." As he said this, the tears came into his eyes. Poor man! I am sure you would have pitied him, if you had seen him. It was a good prayer he made when he said to Jesus, "Help thou mine unbelief." It showed that he believed that Jesus was God; for who but God can make people believe?

While the Lord was talking with the father more people came running to the place—soon there would have been too great a crowd. Then Jesus said to the devil, "Thou dumb and

deaf spirit, I charge thee come out of him, and enter no more into him." This deaf spirit heard the words of Jesus: this dumb spirit was able to cry out; it tore the boy, and came out of him. The people looked at the boy, and said, "He is dead." There he was, lying on the ground, and looking just like a dead person. Jesus went to him, took his hand, and lifted him up. The child was alive, and quite well. Jesus gave him to his father. How happy that father must have been! Did he now believe in Jesus? He knew now that Jesus could cure his child.

Afterwards the disciples went into a house with their dear Master, and they said, "Why could not we cast out the devil?" Jesus said, "Because of your unbelief." The disciples had not prayed as they ought, and so they did not believe as they ought. Jesus had given them the power to do wonders, but they could not do them except when they believed in the Son of God. Jesus can still do everything. He has died upon the cross, and he has been put into a grave; but he was alive again in three days, and went up to his Father in heaven, and there he sits at his right hand, and he hears the prayers of men in this world. Do you ever pray to him? I hope you do—in all your troubles go to him. If you do not believe that he can help you, say, "Lord, help mine unbelief." He's very kind, and pities people

in distress ; he is very strong, and able to help them out of all their troubles.

You may read this history in Matthew 17 : 14-21 ; Mark 9 : 14-29 ; Luke 9 : 37-42.

“Lo! Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.”

THE TWO SISTERS.

A LONG while ago there lived two women named Martha and Mary. They were sisters, and they lived in a house in a pretty village. It was two miles from a great city called Jerusalem. It was on the side of a green hill, and it was planted with beautiful trees. Its name was Bethany. I cannot tell what kind of a house Martha and Mary lived in—whether it was a large house, or only a cottage. One day a visitor came to their house: it was such a visitor as never came to your father's house. Perhaps a rich gentleman came one day to see your father and mother. Can you remember how your parents behaved to him? Did they not behave with great respect? Did they not ask him to sit down, and did they not stand up and listen when he spoke? But it was not a rich gentleman who came to see Martha and Mary; it was a poor man, yet no rich gentleman is so great as that poor man was. How can that be? Perhaps you know that the poor man was the Son of God. He had come down from heaven to live a little while in this world; he died at last for our sins; he is in heaven now with God his Father; his name is

Jesus Christ. When he was in this world he was quite poor ; he had no carriage to ride in, he had no horse, not even an ass ; he had no servants, and no house of his own. He might have been rich, but he chose to be poor ; he walked about and talked to the people that he saw in the road, and told them about God his Father in heaven. Sometimes he came into people's houses and rested himself. Kind people gave him food to eat. Should you have liked to see Jesus come into your house ? He could not bear wickedness. If you had said a wicked word, he would have been displeased ; if you had been rude or disobedient, he would have been grieved with you.

Martha and Mary were glad to see him come into their house, for they loved him very much. When Jesus was come in, he began to speak about God his Father, and about heaven. Should you like to have heard what he said ? Mary did ; she sat down at his feet, and listened to every word. People in that country often sat upon the floor, or on a low stool. Mary liked to sit near Jesus, where she could hear him. But where was Martha ? She was gone to get ready the dinner. She wished to make a very fine dinner for the Lord Jesus. But did Jesus care about eating nice things ? Oh, no ; he wanted very little. Martha could easily have brought him a piece of bread and meat, or bread and honey, and then she might have sat down with Mary, and lis-

tened to the Lord. But instead of doing this she was displeased because Mary did not help her to get ready the dinner; and she came into the room where Mary was sitting so happy, and she said to the Lord, "Dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me." What rude behavior this was!

Mary did not answer, but Jesus did: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful, and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." What was the good thing Mary had chosen? Was it not to hear about God and heaven? It is better to know about God than to have all the things in the world. If you had a fine house fit for a king, and a hundred servants to wait upon you, and a carriage with six horses to draw it, yet some day you must leave them all, for some day you must die. But if you know about God, and if he has forgiven you all your sins, then when you die you will be as happy as the angels, and sing sweet hymns to a golden harp.

I wonder what Martha did after Jesus had spoken to her; I hope she sat down to listen. She was a good woman and loved Jesus, and I know she is with him in heaven now.

Do you like to hear the words of Jesus? You can read them in the New Testament; they are written down there, and they are sweet

words. What a sweet verse is this : " Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." And is not this a sweet verse ? " Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And is not this sweet ? " Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out." All these are the words of Jesus, and they are written down in the Testament, that you may read them.

There is no harm in liking to play, for you are a child ; but if you love Jesus, you will like to think of his words as soon as you wake in the morning, and when you are going to sleep at night, and often in the day you will think of them, and sometimes you will pray to him, and say, " Forgive my sins, O blessed Jesus. Make me good ; give me thy Holy Spirit ; take me to heaven when I die."

You may read the history of Martha and Mary in Luke 10 : 38, to end.

SUFFER me to come to Jesus,
Mother dear forbid me not ;
By his blood from hell he frees us,
Makes us fair without a spot

Suffer me, my earthly father,
At his pierced feet to fall : -
Why forbid me ? help me, rather ;
Jesus is my all in all.

Suffer me to run unto him,
Gentle sisters, come with me ;
Oh, that all I love but knew him,
Then my home a heaven would be.

Loving playmates, gay and smiling,
Bid me not forsake the cross ;
Hard to bear is your reviling,
Yet for Jesus all is dross.

Yes, though all the world have chid me,
Father mother, sister, friend,
Jesus never will forbid me!
Jesus loves me to the end !

Gentle Shepherd, on thy shoulder
Carry me, a sinful lamb ;
Give me faith, and make me bolder,
Till with thee in heaven I am.

THE CRIPPLE.

SOME boys laugh at poor cripples when they see them in the streets. This is very wicked. Sometimes when walking, we meet a man with only one eye, one arm, or one leg, or who has a hump-back. How ought we to feel when we see them? We ought to pity them; we ought to think to ourselves, "How painful it must be to limp along, instead of walking easily! How unpleasant it must be to have only one hand to work with, or to dress ourselves with!" Then we ought to thank God for his kindness in giving us so many limbs, and keeping us from being hurt. If our mothers had dropped us out of their arms when we were babies, our backs might have been broken. If a playfellow had put a stick into one of our eyes, we might have lost our precious sight.

When Jesus, the Son of God, lived in this world, he took great notice of poor cripples. Once when he was in a place like a church, called a synagogue, he saw a woman who was bent double. She could not lift herself up to look at him, but he saw her. I wonder how she got to the synagogue. Perhaps she lived

very near or perhaps her friends helped her to come, or perhaps she crept along by herself. I have known a poor creature who was bent almost double, when she wished to go to worship God in his house, she set out early in the morning; she had only half a mile to go, yet she was two hours getting along, for almost every step she sat down to rest, now upon the grass and now upon a bank, or she leaned against a gate.

I wonder how this poor woman whom Jesus saw got to the synagogue. How glad she must have been that she had come there when she heard Jesus teaching! There never was such a teacher as he was. He spoke so gently and so sweetly that poor people liked to listen to him, and to hear him say, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Jesus saw the poor cripple, and he called her to him. The people who stood round heard him call, and they watched to see what he did. First Jesus said to her, "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity." Then he laid his hands on her, and immediately she was made straight. What a sight it was to see that woman lift herself up, and all at once become as straight as other women. What did she do when she was made straight? She began to praise God. This woman loved God. It was the devil who had bent her back double. God sometimes allows the devil to

hurt the bodies of good people, but he does not let the devil have their souls. This poor woman had been bent double eighteen years, yet she had gone on loving God, and now at last she was saved out of her trouble. Do you think that everybody was glad to see her made straight? Oh, no; there were some wicked people there, who hated Jesus, and they could not bear to see him do wonders, because they were afraid more people would believe that he was the Son of God. The chief man in the synagogue was wicked; it was he who used to offer up the prayers to God, yet his heart was full of malice and envy. After he had seen Jesus make the woman straight, he was very angry, and he told the people not to come on the Sabbath-day to be made well, but on one of the six week-days.

But the people had not come to the synagogue only to be made well, they had come to be taught. Jesus himself answered the wicked man; he called him by a dreadful name—"Hypocrite." He can see into the heart, and he knows who pretend to be good when they are really wicked; those people are hypocrites.

What did Jesus say to this hypocrite? He said, "Does not each one of you, on the Sabbath-day, loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to the watering? And ought not this woman, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, to be loosed

from this bond on the Sabbath-day?" What could the hypocrite answer to this question? No one could answer it. It was plain, that if an ass ought to be kindly treated on the Sabbath, a poor woman who trusted in God ought to be made happy on the Sabbath. This woman did trust in God, and Jesus called her a daughter of Abraham. Abraham trusted in God, and she was like him.

Perhaps some poor cripple will read this story. Be comforted, God cares for you. He could make you straight and strong. He has some wise reason for letting you be crooked. He gave his only Son to die for your sins upon the cross; he knows whether you love him. At the last day, all the people who have been buried will rise out of their graves with new bodies. Cripples who have loved God will then be bright and beautiful like the Son of God.

Children, who are tall and straight, and strong, if you are wicked, and die in your sins, you will be eaten by worms for ever and ever, and burned in a fire that will never be put out; for God has said, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." Psal. 9: 17.

You will find the history of this poor woman in Luke 13: 10-17.

My little body's made by God,
Of soft warm flesh and crimson blood,
The slender bones are placed within,
And over all is laid the skin.

My little body's very weak;
A fall or blow my bones might break,
The water soon might stop my breath,
The fire might close my eyes in death.

But God can keep me by his care;
To him I'll say this little prayer:
"O, God! from harm my body keep,
Both when I wake, and when I sleep."

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

THE

BLIND BEGGAR OF JERUSALEM.

THERE are a great many blind persons in London. I have heard that there are two thousand blind people in that great city. Many of them are old people, who once could see as well as you can; some are young, and have been made blind by the small pox, or a fever, or an accident; and some were blind when they were born.

There is a city a long way off, called Jerusalem, and there are blind people in that city. A long while ago there was a blind beggar in Jerusalem. He was a young man, but he could not work because of his blindness, so he begged. One day some men passed by; one of these men was the Son of God. He was come down from heaven to live in this world for a little while. Why did he come down? It was to save us sinners from going to hell. At last he was nailed upon a cross of wood, and died. But before he died he used to walk about with his twelve friends and cure poor people who were blind or sick. He saw this blind beggar, and he told his friends that he would cure him. You will be surprised to

hear the strange manner in which he cured him. He made a plaster of the dust of the ground by wetting it with his spittle, and then he put it on the blind man's eyes. You would have thought, that by this way his eyes could not be made well. Then Jesus told the beggar to go and wash in a pool or pond a little way off. The beggar went and washed, for he could find his way about Jerusalem, as he had lived there a long while. When he had washed, he found he could see.

Everybody was very much surprised to see him walking about the streets with his eyes open. Many people wondered whether it was the same man who once sat and begged. Some people were sure it was the same man, and other people thought it could not be the same, but only a man very much like the blind beggar. But when he heard what people said, he answered them, "I am he." Then the people said, "How were thine eyes opened?" Then he told them that a man named Jesus had cured him. He did not know who Jesus was, and he had never seen him, but he knew that he had been very kind to him, and had done a great wonder in giving him sight.

You will be surprised to hear that the people in Jerusalem did not love Jesus. They hated him, because he told them of their sins; so they were very angry with the blind man for saying that Jesus had cured him. They told him, it was not Jesus who made him see, it

was God, and he must praise him ; for Jesus was a wicked man. The blind man did not know that Jesus was God as well as man, but he was sure that he was good, and he said so. This made the wicked men more angry than before, and at last they said they would have no more to do with him, and that they would not speak to him or take any notice of him. Was not this very cruel ?

Jesus knew that the poor blind beggar was ill-treated, and he went to him. Jesus could easily find him, for he is God, and sees everybody, by day and by night. I do not know where the poor man was when Jesus found him—whether he was in the house, or in the street. When the man saw Jesus, he did not know who he was, for he had never seen him before. But he had heard his voice, and perhaps he knew that voice again. Jesus said to him, “Dost thou believe on the Son of God ?” The man answered, “Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him ?” Then Jesus said, “Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee.” Then the man said, “Lord, I believe,” and he worshipped him.

I do not know what happened afterwards to that blind man, but I am sure he is happy now in heaven, for he believed in Jesus, the Son of God. Everybody will be happy who believes in Jesus, as this blind man did. If Jesus were to say to you, “Do you believe on the Son of God ?” could you say, “Lord, I believe ?” If

you believe in Jesus, then you love him, and you will try to please him. You will not say bad words, nor tell lies, nor steal, nor fight. Wicked people abused the blind man, because he said that Jesus was good ; but Jesus himself came to comfort him. If wicked boys and girls laugh at you, because you wish to please God, do not mind what they say. Jesus hears them when they laugh at you, and he will make you happy.

You may read this history in the ninth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John.

JESUS, who lives above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die ;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good he used to be.

He went about, he was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind ;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them and did the same.

And more than that, he told them, too,
The things which God would have them do ;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He woul'd have listen'd to a child.

But such a cruel death he died—
He was hung up, and crucified !
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nail'd them to a cross of wood.

And so he died ! And this is why
He came to be a man and die.
The Bible says he came from heaven,
That we might have our sins forgiven.

He knew how wicked men had been,
And knew that God must punish sin ;
So, out of pity, Jesus said
He'd bear the punishment instead.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

SOME people are very fond of children. Other people think them troublesome, take no notice of them, or speak roughly to them. When Jesus, the Son of God, was in this world, he was very kind to children, and now he lives in heaven he loves them still.

Once, when he was in a house, he called a little child, and took him in his arms. And why did he do so? There were some men in the house who had been disputing together. What had they been disputing about? Who should be the greatest. It is proud to wish to be great. A little child does not wish to be great; it likes better to be with its own mother than to ride in a carriage with a fine lady. Jesus showed this little child to the men who wished to be great. He set him in the midst of them, and said, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

You see that Jesus loves humble, meek, gentle people, who are like lambs and doves; but children, as they grow bigger, often grow

worse, till they are like lions, bears, and tigers. Here is a prayer for a little child :

“ Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.”

There were some other little children whom Jesus took in his arms ; their mothers brought them to the Lord. Should you like to have seen those mothers, with their little darlings in their arms, coming to Jesus ? But when they came, those men were there who once disputed who should be the greatest. Those men were called “ disciples ;” they were good men, but not as good as Jesus was. They did not like to see the mothers bringing little children in their arms ; they thought the children would be troublesome, and they told the mothers to take them away. How sorry those poor women would have been to take their little ones back again, for they wanted Jesus to touch them, to pray for them, and to bless them. But Jesus heard the disciples speak unkindly to the women, and he was much displeased with them, and he said to them, “ Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Then he took the dear little creatures in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

There is a very pretty hymn about Jesus

blessing the little children. I am sure you will like it.

“I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children, as lambs, to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he
said,

‘Let the little ones come unto me.’

“Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love,
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above—
In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are wash’d and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
‘For of such is the kingdom of heaven.’

“But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home—
I should like them to know there is room for them all
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms, and be blessed.”

MRS. LUKK.

May the children who read this book often think of the sweet words, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me ; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I do not know whether the little children whom Jesus blessed could speak. I do not even know whether they could walk ; but there were some children who could speak who loved the Lord. I think they loved him, because they praised him. Once, when he was in a beautiful house called the Temple, these children were there too. They saw the wonderful things that he did ; they saw him make blind people see, and lame people walk, and they cried out, "Hosanna to the Son of David." This was a prayer. The word "Hosanna" means, "Save, Lord, we beseech thee." The children called Jesus the son of David. David was a great king, and Jesus belonged to his family. But he was the son of a greater king than David—he was the Son of God.

Did he like to hear the children praising him ? Yes, he did ; but there were some wicked men there, who did not like to hear them. They said to him, "Do you hear what these children say ?" And Jesus said, "Yes. Have you never read, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise ?'" It is God who teaches children to praise him. It is a dreadful thing to hear a child use wicked words, but it is very sweet to hear him praise

God—it makes one think of the angels in heaven.

You may read about Christ and the children in the New Testament, or the Bible, in Matthew 19 : 13–15 ; 21 : 15, 16 ; Mark 9 : 33–37 ; 10 : 13–16 ; Luke 18 : 15–17.

CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name ;
Children, too, of later days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark ! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

Christ approved their song, and said,
“ Have you not then ever read,
God accepts the simple praise
That these babes and sucklings raise ? ”
Hark ! their infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to their King.

Come, let all our infant train
Swell the humble, grateful strain ;
Hallelujah let us sing,
Loud hosannas to our King.
Hark ! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song ;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.
Hark ! we all unite to sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

THE TEN SICK MEN.

It is very common to meet sick people in the streets, but did you ever see ten sick people all standing together? I think not. Yet once ten very sick people were seen together. They were called lepers. What is a leper? It is a man whose skin is covered with a white breaking-out, and whose flesh is beginning to crumble away. Sometimes the ends of his fingers drop off, and then his hands or his feet, till only the stumps are left. It would make you sad to see one of these poor lepers. But, oh, how very sad it must have been to see ten lepers standing together. I will tell you why they all kept together. It was because they were not allowed to be with people who were well—not even to touch them; so what could the poor creatures do? They did not like always to be alone, and they were glad to keep company with each other. They were not allowed to walk in the streets of a town, lest they should touch the people who were passing by; they were obliged to be in the country, amongst the trees and the fields. It is pleasant to be in the country—yes, very pleasant for people who are well, but it was

not pleasant for the poor lepers ; no place was pleasant for them.

One day, as the ten lepers were all together, they saw a man coming along the way, and going towards a village. They knew who this man was ; they must have seen him before. But do you know who that man was ? He was the greatest man who ever lived in this world. Was he a king ? He was greater than all the kings—he was the King of kings, and yet he was a poor man. How could this be ? I will tell you how it was. The Son of God had come down to be a man, and to live in this world. God, his Father, had sent him down here that he might die upon the cross for our sins. We are sinners, and the Son of God died that our sins might be forgiven. The Son of God was called Jesus. Oh, he was so kind and good, but he chose to be very poor. He could do wonderful things, and make sick people well only by speaking a word. The ten lepers had heard of this, and when they saw Jesus passing by, they called out very loud, “Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.” They did not dare to come near Jesus, but they hoped he would hear their voices. And he did hear them, and said, “Go, show yourselves to the priests.” Now, the priests were ministers. God had said, that when lepers were made well they should go first to the priests, to be looked at by them before they walked again about the streets. So

when these lepers heard Jesus tell them to go to the priests, they knew that they should soon be quite well.

As they were walking along towards the place where the priests lived, they grew well. Those hands that were covered with white sores, were now the same brown color they had been before. If the lepers looked at each other, they saw faces that were of a sickly white become rosy and healthy. And when the lepers saw this, did they go on or did they turn back? One of them turned back, and only one; all the rest made haste to go to the priests. Why did that one turn back? It was that he might go to Jesus and thank him. As he went along, he praised God for his goodness with a loud voice. When he was sick, he had asked to be cured with a loud voice; and now he was well, he thanked God with a loud voice. This was right.

When he came to Jesus, he fell down at his feet with his face to the ground and thanked him. Then Jesus said, "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory God, save this stranger." Now Jesus knew that this man who had come back was not of his own country. He was a stranger, or a foreigner, and he came from a land where the people knew very little about God, yet he loved God better than the other lepers did.

There are many people who pray to God

when they are unhappy, and who forget to thank him when they are happy again. Is there a boy reading this book who was once in great distress? Had you once no food in the house? Did you pray to God for food? Did you get food? Did you thank God for it? Whenever God has given you anything, or made you well, or got you out of trouble, he expects you to thank him. He knows how many men and women and children he has helped. Perhaps there were one hundred people very ill last night, and God has made them all better this morning, and perhaps only one thanks him. Then God says, "Where are the ninety and nine?"

God knows your name. If you do not thank him, he says, "Where is that little boy, or that little girl? Why does not he come and thank me? I have been very kind to him." Do you know the greatest kindness God has ever shown you? He has given his Son to die for your sins. Did you ever ONCE thank God for sending Jesus Christ to die upon the cross that you might not go to hell? If you have never thanked him yet, begin this day, and say, "O Father, I thank thee for sending the Lord Jesus Christ to die upon the cross to save sinners."

You may read this history in Luke 17·11-19.

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

How great is the love
Which Jesus hath shown !
He came from above,
From heaven's bright throne,
That he might deliver
His children from hell,
And take them for ever
In glory to dwell.

He died on the cross,
And pour'd out his blood,
To bear their dread curse,
And fit them for God.
For love so amazing,
His name we adore,
And would him be praising
With saints evermore.

THE BLIND BEGGAR OF JERICHO.



It is very common to see blind men begging in the streets. Do not you pity the blind? How sad it must be never to see the light of the sun, nor the green leaves in spring, nor the faces of our dearest friends!

A long while ago a blind man sat begging by the side of the road. As he sat, he heard the noise of a great crowd walking along. He did not know why there was such a crowd, so he asked the people passing by why so many had come together. They told him that Jesus of Nazareth was passing that way. The blind man had heard before of Jesus. He had heard that he could do great wonders, and he felt

sure in his heart that Jesus could make him see. But the blind man could not go to him—how could he dare to stir in such a crowd? he might have been pushed down and trodden upon and crushed to death. But he could speak. He cried out very loud, “Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.” He did not cry out barely once or twice, he kept on crying out, hoping that Jesus would hear him. But the Lord took no notice of him, and a great many people came up to him and told him not to make such a noise. Yet the poor man would not be quiet; he knew that the Lord was passing by, and that he might soon be gone, and that he might never pass that way again, so he cried out more than ever, “Have mercy on me!” And did the Lord take notice of him at last? Yes, he did; he stood still, and told the people to bring that blind man to him. How kind it was in Jesus to care for the blind beggar! Jesus is very kind, and cares for every poor creature in the world. At last the blind man heard some one speak kindly to him, and say, “Be of good comfort, rise, he calleth thee.” How glad he was to hear that Jesus had sent for him! He got up very quickly and went to Jesus, for now the people made room for him. No one now was rude to the poor beggar, for Jesus had called for him.

And what did Jesus say to him? He asked him what he wished him to do for him. The

man replied, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." Jesus pitied him very much, and he touched his eyes, and said, "Receive thy sight." That moment he was able to see. How glad he now was that he had cried out, "Lord have mercy on me," and that he had not left off when the people told him not to make a noise ! He would not leave Jesus now he had found him, but went after him on the road, praising him, and thanking God for his goodness.

If all people would pray as this blind man did, Jesus would hear them all. The child who reads this book is not blind. If you were blind, how could you read to father or to mother ? But there is something which Jesus could do for you, that would make you happy forever. What is it ? Do you know ? If he were to say, "What do you wish me to do for you ? What would you answer ? I should like you to say, "Forgive me my sins, and give me thy Holy Spirit." My dear child, do make this little prayer every day. Jesus would hear you. Perhaps you live in a very poor place. Perhaps you live in a little room in town, up some dark and narrow stairs ; perhaps there is very little furniture in it, and very little food in the cupboard ; but Jesus knows where you live, and he knows your name, and your father's name, and your mother's name, and he hears all you say. He would be much pleased to hear you praying to him, because he loves

you, and he once died upon the cross that you might not go to hell. If you go to heaven, you will see the blind beggar there—I mean the beggar who once was blind. Then you will sing with him about the love of Jesus in saving your souls.

If you wish to read a full account of this blind man, you will find it in Mark 10 : 46, to end ; and also in Luke 18 : 35, to end.

WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,
And spread his works of love abroad,
If I had lived so long ago,
I think I should have loved the Lord.

Jesus, who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful men,
Who heal'd the sick, and cur'd the blind :
Oh, must not I have loved him then ?

But where is Jesus ? Is he dead ?
Oh, no ; he lives in heaven above :
“ And blest are they,” the Saviour said,
“ Who, though they have not seen me, love.”

He sees us from his throne on high,
As well as when on earth he dwelt ;
And when to him poor children cry,
He feels such love as then he felt.

And if the Lord will grant me grace,
Much I will love him and adore ;
But when in heaven I see his face,
'Twill be my joy to love him more.

“ Mercy, O thou Son of David !”
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd ;
“ Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid.”

Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still ;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
“ Come, and ask me what you will.”

Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live ;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give.

“ Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day ;”
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

Oh, methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
“ Friends, is not my case amazing .
What a Saviour I have found !”

THE MAN IN THE TREE.



SOMETIMES the queen passes through the city of London in her grand carriage of state. Then all the windows in the streets, from the shop to the garret, are full of faces looking out and longing to have a peep at her Majesty the queen.

Sometimes the queen travels in the country, and then all the lanes are filled with people: where generally sheep are feeding, there children may be seen in large flocks; and where the birds often sit and sing, there boys and even men have climbed up, that they may get a good sight of their sovereign.

More than eighteen hundred years ago, the King of kings was walking about this world.

It is true, he did not wear rich and splendid clothes, nor did he ride in a grand carriage drawn by fine horses—no, he was dressed like a poor man, and he walked about from place to place ; but then he spoke such sweet words that people came from far to hear him ; and besides this, he did such wonders—making the blind to see, and the lame to walk—that every one wished to look at him.

There was a man who longed and tried to see this great King, but he could not, because there was a crowd all round, and he was a short man and he could not look over the heads of the people. So he ran on a little way, and then he climbed up in a tree called a sycamore-tree, which is a high tree with thick, strong branches. There he waited till the King passed by. He thought he should see him well from this high place, but he did not know that any one would see him, or take notice of him. How much surprised he was when Jesus came to the place ! (for this King was the Lord Jesus.) The Lord looked up towards the tree. Now, the man could see him well—not only the hair upon his head, but his eyes, and his whole face. Jesus not only looked, but stopped and spoke. He said, “Zaccheus, make haste, and come down ; for to-day I must abide at thy house.” Jesus knew the man’s name ; he knew why he had gone up into the tree, and he knew that he had a house in the next town.

Zaccheus did not stop any longer in the

tree ; he got down very fast, went back to his house, and was ready to receive the Lord into it. He thought it a great honor to receive such a visitor beneath his roof, and indeed it was the greatest honor he could have ; even an angel would think it a great honor to have a visit from the Son of God.

Zaccheus was a rich man, so I suppose he had a large, and perhaps a fine house. But Jesus does not care whether a house is large or small, he looks into the hearts of the people who live in it. Why did he choose to come to the house of Zaccheus ? Because he had determined to make Zaccheus happy forever. Once Zaccheus had been a wicked man ; he had cheated many people. It was his business to collect the *public* taxes, and for this reason he was called a *publican* ; but he had not been honest ; he had charged more than he ought, and he had grown rich by his dishonesty. His cheating ways had been found out, and now he had a bad character ; so when people saw Jesus go into his house, many said, “ Why does he go into the house of a wicked person ? ” But the people who said that, did not know that Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Zaccheus was now very sorry for his past wickedness, and while Jesus was in his house, he stood and said to the Lord, “ Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor ; ” and he promised to give back to those people from whom he had taken

too much, *four* times what he had taken. Was not this right in Zaccheus? Everybody whom he had cheated might come to him and say, "You took from me one penny, or two pence, more than you ought; will you give me back four times as much?" If the people said true, then Zaccheus would give them back the money. Jesus was much pleased to hear Zaccheus speak as he did. He praised him, and said he was a son of Abraham. Abraham was a man who believed in God, and Jesus saw that Zaccheus did so also, for he could see into his heart. These were the words that Jesus spoke to Zaccheus: "This day is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham."

I do not know whether Zaccheus had any little children, but if he had, how glad they must have been to hear Jesus say salvation was come to the house or the family. How happy are the children of a man who believes in Jesus! A good father prays for his children, teaches them, takes them to the house of God, and begs them to be good, and to love Christ.

Zaccheus never could forget the visit that Jesus had made to his family. How often he would talk of it, and call to mind all that Jesus had done and said. How often he must have repeated this sweet sentence: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Jesus is not now walking about the world.

but many of his servants are, and they go like him to seek the lost. They go to the houses of sinners; they go to the rooms of sinners; they stand by the dying beds of sinners, and tell them of the Saviour. Has a good man ever visited your father's house? It might be a minister, or it might be a good man who was not a minister. Did he come and talk to you of Jesus? Perhaps he often comes and reads the Bible, and kneels down, and prays with you and your father and mother. Are you not glad to see him? Do you not say sometimes to your mother, "I think I hear his steps upon the stairs?" Do you run and open the door, and beg him to come in and sit down? Do you keep quite still while he is reading and praying? Perhaps he sometimes speaks to you, and tells you that Jesus loves little children.

You may find the history of Zaccheus in Luke 19: 1-10.

CHRIST is merciful and mild;
He was once a little child;
He whom heavenly hosts adore,
Lived on earth among the poor.

Then he laid his glory by,
When for us he came to die;
How I wonder when I see
His unbounded love for me.

Children in his arms he pressed,
Kindly took them to his breast;
They, said he, shall share my bliss,
For of such my kingdom is.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

WHEN the Lord Jesus lived in this world, he used often to go into a garden. A garden is a sweet place. There are different kinds of gardens ; some are very small, and have little walks in them, and a few flower-beds with a grass border. You will often see such a garden spread out before the door of a neat cottage, and it is very pleasant to look at the gay tulips and the lovely lilies, and to smell the sweet wall-flowers, and hyacinths, and roses. But there are some gardens which have large trees in them, and shady walks. It was to such a garden that Jesus used to go. He had twelve friends who went with him from place to place, and when he sat in the garden they would sit with him and listen to his sweet words about his Father in heaven.

I will now tell you about the last time that the Lord Jesus went to the garden before he died. It was in the evening, when it was dark. All his disciples were with him except one, and that one was called Judas ; he was very wicked, and he was gone away from Jesus. But there were eleven men still with their Lord, and they loved him very much.

They knew that he was very unhappy that evening, and they were unhappy too. What made Jesus sad? It was this; men had sinned, and done very wickedly, and they deserved to go to hell, to be tormented for ever; but Jesus had come into the world to die for their sins. Oh, was not this kind in Jesus Christ to die for sinners such as you and I? And was it not kind in God his Father to give up his only Son to suffer pain and grief, that we might not suffer pain and grief for ever and ever? Now you see why Jesus was sad. He was going to die for our sins; the time was almost come: this was his last evening. He had come into the garden to pray to his Father. It is a great comfort in trouble to pray to God. When the Lord was at the garden-gate, he said to his friends, "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder." He took three of his friends with him, and eight were left near the garden-gate. Should you like to know the names of the three who went with Jesus? They were Peter, and James, and John. They often were with Jesus when no one else was there besides.

When the Lord had gone some way, he said to Peter, James, and John, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me." Then he went a very little way off, and lay with his face on the ground, and began to pray to his Father, and these were the words he said: "O, my

Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." What did he mean by this cup? He did not mean a real cup. He was going to be tormented by the wicked devil, and to be nailed upon a cross of wood till he died. It was not a cup of bitter medicine he was going to drink, but a cup of pain and grief, and he asked his Father not to let him drink it. But then he knew that his Father loved us sinners, and wished to save us, so Jesus finished his prayer with these words, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." What a sweet prayer this was! Jesus did not wish to do his own will, but his Father's will. When we pray to God in our troubles, let us say the same, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."

After Jesus had prayed, he went to his three friends, but he found them sleeping, for they were very tired, and very unhappy. He was not angry, but he said to them gently, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Then he went back again to pray, and he said the same words he had said before. After he had prayed he returned to his friends, but he found them asleep, and when he spoke to them they did not know what to answer him. They knew they ought to have been praying and watching with their Lord. Jesus went back again to pray the third time. His Father heard his prayers, and he sent an angel from heaven to comfort him.

How glad that angel must have been to go

to his Lord ! for Jesus is the Son of God, and is greater than all the angels. . Before he came into this world to be a man, he was with his Father in heaven, and he made everything, and he made the angels. But what a sad sight the angel saw when he came down and found Jesus in the garden ! The Son of God was in such great sorrow and trouble, that the blood came through his skin while he prayed, and it fell on the ground in great drops. Oh, what pain the blessed Saviour must have felt ! It was for us, and not for the angel, he was suffering all this pain. That angel had never sinned, but we have sinned, every day and every hour.

After Jesus had prayed very earnestly, he came back the third time to his friends. Were they sleeping still ? Yes they were ; they had not seen the bright angel talking to their Lord. This time Jesus said to his three friends, " Rise up, let us go." He told them that the people who hated him were coming, and so they were. While Jesus was yet speaking, a number of men came near, with lamps in their hands and great sticks and swords. And who was showing them the way ? It was the wicked Judas. He had often been in the garden with his Master, and he knew where to find him. The Lord did not go away, but let the wicked people take hold of him.

Oh, what a loving Saviour Jesus was !

Now he is alive again, and is ready to hear our prayers, and to pardon our sins, and to give us new hearts, and to take us to heaven.

This history may be found in Matthew 26 : 36-47 ; Mark 14 : 32-43 ; Luke 22 : 39-47 ; John 18 : 1-4.

He, who was a King above,
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty he might save :
Down to this sad world he flew
For such little ones as you.

Stretch'd upon the cross, behold,
How his tender limbs are torn !
For a royal crown of gold,
They have made him one of thorn !
Cruel hands, that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind.

Come then, children, come and see !
Lift your little hands to pray ;
"Blessed Jesus, pardon me,
Help a guilty infant," say ;
"Since it was for such as I
Thou didst condescend to die."

THE MAN WHO SAT BY THE FIRE IN THE HALL.

ONCE the Son of God lived in this world. Is not that wonderful? He became a man, and he had a body and a soul just as you have. Would you have liked to have seen him? I think you would. There were twelve men who walked about with him from place to place. They were called his disciples. One of them was named Simon Peter. He loved Jesus, the Son of God.

Sometimes Jesus used to say to his twelve disciples, "I shall soon die; wicked men will kill me; they will nail me on a cross, but I shall rise again out of my grave." The disciples were very sorry to hear their Master talk in this way; they could not bear to think that he should die. Once Peter said, "Lord, I am ready to go with thee both into prison, and to death." Then Jesus said to Peter, "This night, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me." Jesus was God, and he knew all that was going to happen. Peter could not believe that he would ever say he did not know his dear Master, but Peter did

not know how much naughtiness there was in his heart.

That very night some wicked men came into a garden where Jesus was, and bound him with ropes, and took him to a great house. The judges were seated on high seats in that great house or hall. Peter was very sorry to see his Master taken away, and he went after him. He did not go with him, but he followed him some way off. There was a woman at the door, and she let him go in ; then Peter sat by a fire, and warmed himself. Soon the woman who had let Peter in, looked at him, and said, "Thou also art one of his disciples." Then Peter was afraid lest the wicked people should use him ill, as they did his Master, and he said to the woman, "Woman, I know him not." That was a lie—a dreadful lie. Presently afterwards Peter left the hall, and went out into the porch. Then the cock crew. Did Peter remember what Jesus had said? No, he did not ; he took no notice of the crowing of the cock. While he was in the porch, a man said to him, "Thou art also of them." Peter answered, "Man, I am not ;" and not content with telling this lie, he soon began to swear he did not know the Lord.

He returned into the great house. There his Master was. The wicked people were round him, laughing at him, beating him, and even spitting at him. Several persons came up to Peter, and said, "Surely thou art one of

them." Then he began to curse and to swear, and to say, "I do not know the man." While he was speaking in this wicked manner, the cock crew again, and Jesus himself turned towards Peter, and looked at him. Now Peter remembered what Jesus had said to him; now he felt very sorry indeed for his wickedness. He left the hall, and began to weep very bitterly. He thought over all that had happened—how kind his Master had been to him, and how ungratefully he had behaved. Could he ever forget that look which Jesus had cast upon him? What sort of a look do you think it was—an angry look or a sorrowful look? I think there was more sorrow than anger in it.

Did the Lord Jesus forgive Peter his great sin? Yes, he did. The next day Jesus was crucified, and was buried. But he only lay three days in his grave. On the morning of the first day of the week, very early he rose again. How glad Peter was to see him again! Jesus did *not* say to Peter, "I cannot love you any more, because you behaved so ill that night." No; Jesus said to him, "Lovest thou me?" And Peter said, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus asked him three times over if he loved him, and Peter said three times over that he did love him.

Jesus is now in heaven with God his Father, and Peter is there too. Jesus wants you to love him. He has been very kind to you; he made your body, for he is God. He died on the

cross to save you from going to hell. Do you love him? How wicked it would be not to love him! It is very wicked not love your father or your mother, but it is more wicked still not to love Jesus.

When you do wrong Jesus sees you, and if you are sorry for your sin, and cry about it, Jesus sees your tears. Children who really love Jesus are very sorry when they have done wrong; but other children say, "I don't care." I am afraid lest they should go to hell. Did you ever cry because you had displeased God? You have often cried—what has it been about? Was it because you were cold and hungry? Was it because you had a pain in your head? Was it because a boy had taken away your things, or because he had struck you a blow? Was it because your father was angry with you, and was going to punish you?

I dare say you have cried for all these reasons. Have you ever cried about your sins? It is a good day when a boy or a girl sits in some corner, and thinks over sins that are past, and feels sorry, and prays to God, and says, "O God forgive me, for the sake of Jesus who died upon the cross, and give me thy Holy Spirit to make me good."

You may read the history of Peter's sin in Matt. 26: 69, to end; Mark 14: 66, to end. Luke 22: 54-62; John 18: 15-27.

ASHAMED of Jesus ! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not **asham'd of me.**

THE MAN WHO HANGED HIMSELF.

THERE are a great many wicked people in the world. No one but God knows who is the *most* wicked, for he sees into the heart. I am going to tell you the history of a very wicked man. He was a liar, a thief, and a murderer; and worse than all, he was a hypocrite, that is, he was a man who pretended to be good. What was his name? Judas. Where did he live? In a country a great way off, called Canaan. It was the land of the Jews. When did he live? More than eighteen hundred years ago. He has been dead a long while, but his history is written in the Bible. When Judas was alive, the Son of God was living in this world for a little while. Did Jesus the Son of God ever speak to Judas? Yes, he did, and he chose him to be one of the twelve men who were always with him. Are you not surprised to hear this? Jesus knew that Judas was wicked, yet he let him come after him. Jesus often talked to him, and told him about his Father in heaven. Jesus was very kind to him, yet Judas did not love Jesus. The men who were with Jesus were called his dis-

ciples. The other disciples thought that Judas was good : they all put their money into one bag, and they let Judas take care of that bag ; they did not know that he often took the money out of it, and kept it himself. Judas was a thief, but he was not found out for a long time. Jesus knew that he was a thief, because he knows all things.

Once a good woman named Mary poured some very sweet stuff upon the head of Jesus, and upon his feet. This ointment was in a beautiful white box, but Mary broke the box to pour it out upon Jesus. When Judas saw what she had done, he said it was a great pity she had wasted the ointment upon Jesus, and that it would have been better to have sold it and given the money to the poor. But had Mary wasted the ointment ? Oh, no ; it was not too good to be given to the Son of God ; nothing could be too good for him who is all goodness. But why did Judas wish the ointment had been sold ? His reason was, that he thought the money would have been put into the bag for him to give to the poor, and then he could have stolen some of it. He pretended to care for the poor, for he was very sly. Jesus knew all that Judas was thinking about, and he said that Mary had done right in pouring the ointment upon his head. Then Judas was very angry, because Jesus had taken Mary's part, and he went out of the room. And where did he go ? To some

wicked men who wanted to kill Jesus. It was night, and these wicked men were saying to each other, "How shall we get hold of Jesus, that we may have him killed? In the day we are afraid of taking him, because the people like him very much, and we do not know where he goes at night." Judas came in and said to the wicked men, "I will show you where Jesus goes at night." Then the wicked men were pleased, and promised to give Judas thirty pieces of silver.

Two days afterwards Jesus took his last supper with his twelve disciples. Judas was there. Jesus told his disciples that he should soon die. All the disciples, except Judas, were very sorry to hear him say this. Then Jesus said, "One of you will betray me." What did he mean? He meant that one of his disciples would show the wicked people where he went at night. Then each of the disciples said, "Lord, is it I?" And at last Judas said, "Is it I?" Then Jesus said that it was. Soon afterwards, Jesus told Judas to do quickly what he was going to do. Then Judas got up, and went out of the room. The other disciples thought he was gone to buy something at the shop, or to give something to the poor, but he was gone to the wicked people. He knew where Jesus was going that night, and he meant to bring the wicked people there.

After Judas was gone, Jesus left the room

and went down stairs, and walked along the streets. His disciples went with him. They came at last to a garden full of high trees. There they used often to go with Jesus. This night Jesus went alone to one part of the garden, and prayed to his Father. He was very sad. At last he came back to his disciples. Just at that moment a number of men were seen with lamps in their hands. Judas showed them the way; he went up to Jesus and kissed him. Why did he kiss him? Only to show the men which was Jesus. How very wicked it was to pretend to love Jesus while he helped people to kill him! Jesus knew why he kissed him, but he spoke very gently to him, and said, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" The wicked people seized Jesus, bound him with ropes, and said he must come with them. Then all the disciples were frightened, and ran away. The wicked men made Jesus stand before them all the night. In the morning they said that he must be killed. Next day he was nailed to a cross of wood till he died. Oh, what a painful death this was! But Jesus came down from heaven that he might die instead of us. If he had not died, we should all have gone to hell; but now, if we love Jesus, we shall go to heaven. How kind it was in Jesus to die for sinners such as you and me! Ought we not to love him?

When Judas heard that the wicked men had said that Jesus must be killed, he was very

sorry. He did not like to keep the thirty pieces of silver. He felt he had behaved very wickedly to his kind, good Master, the Lord Jesus. What could he do with the money? He did not like to keep it; he did not like to spend it; so he took it back to the men who gave it to him. He said he had done very wrong; Jesus was good, and he had betrayed him to be killed. But the wicked men were not sorry—they did not care—so Judas threw down the pieces of silver and went away.

Where did he go? If he had gone and sincerely prayed for forgiveness, God would have forgiven him; for he pardons all who are really sorry for their sins. But Judas did not pray. He felt very unhappy, so he thought he would kill himself. It is very wicked for a man to kill himself. Judas went into a field and hanged himself up in some high place; and while he was hanging he fell down, and his body burst open, and all his bowels came out upon the ground. It must have been a dreadful sight. Everybody who lived in the town heard of it; and they called the place where Judas died, "the field of blood."

And what became of the soul of Judas? He went to his father the devil, to be tormented in hell forever and ever. It would have been good for Judas if he had never been born. Had his parents known when he was a child what a wicked man he would have grown up, oh, how sorry they would have been!

I hope your parents will never be sorry that you were born. I hope that you yourself will never be sorry that you were born. The wicked in hell wish that they had never been born. It is a good thing to be born, if we go to heaven when we die. How sweet to be like the angels in heaven ! Pray to God to forgive you all your sins, and to make you like an angel.

You will find part of Judas' history in Matt. 26 : 47-50 ; 27 : 1-10

THE JUDGE.

HAVE you seen a judge upon his high seat, judging a thief or a murderer? Many people crowd into the place when a bad man is taken before the judge. Once a very good man was taken before a judge; there were some wicked people who hated this good man, and who wanted to have him killed; they brought him to the judge early one morning, and they said "This man says we ought not to mind our king, or to pay taxes to him; he says that he is a king himself." The judge knew nothing about this man; he did not know whether he was good or bad, but he thought he looked good. Do you know who this good man was? He was the Son of God, come from heaven to live in this world for a little while. His name was Jesus Christ; he was a King, but he was not like the kings of this world; he was the King of heaven, and the King of kings. Who was the judge? His name was Pontius Pilate; he knew nothing about God; he was a heathen, and had been taught to worship idols. Pilate thought that Jesus was good, and he said to the wicked men who brought him, "I find no fault in him." Then the wick-

ed men were more angry, and said that Jesus had done a great many wrong things. While they were speaking, Jesus said nothing; he was as meek as a lamb, and they were as fierce as lions and tigers.

It was the rich and great people who hated Jesus the most. Pilate thought that perhaps the poor people would wish him to be set free. It was the custom to let one prisoner loose every year. Pilate said to the people, "Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus, which is called Christ?" Now this Barabbas was a robber and a murderer. The people answered, "Barabbas." It was the rich and great men who had persuaded the people to ask for Barabbas. How shocking it was to hear crowds of people crying out with loud voices in the street, "Not this man, but Barabbas!" Jesus had been very kind to the people; he had cured those who were sick, and blind, and lame; he had fed the hungry; he had blessed the little children, and he had taught the poor all day long about God: and yet now they cried out, "Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas."

Pilate was sorry to hear them speak in this way, and he said, "What shall I do with Jesus?" They cried out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" They wanted him to be nailed on a cross of wood till he died. Oh, how cruel! While Pilate was on his judgment-seat, his wife sent a message to him; it

was to tell him not to hurt Jesus, for that he was good, and that she had been dreaming a very sad dream about him. That was a good message. God had sent the dreams to Pilate's wife. Do you not hope that Pilate will mind his wife's advice? He wished to mind it, but when the people went on crying out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" He was afraid to say "No," lest they should be angry with him. But God would have taken care of him, if he had only done what he knew was right. We ought never to mind what wicked people say.

At last Pilate took some water and washed his hands while everybody was looking at him. Why? Not to make his hands clean, but to show the wicked men that he was clear from the blood of Jesus. But could water wash his heart clean from wickedness? No, it could not; it was no use to wash his hands, he could not wash his heart. Then Pilate gave Jesus up to be crucified, and he let Barabbas go out of prison. How wicked it was in Pilate to do so! He knew better; he knew he was doing wrong. God saw him, and was angry.

Before Jesus was crucified, he was scourged; that is, his back was beaten with hard ropes full of knots. How that tender flesh must have bled, as the ropes tore the skin open! Yet Jesus bore all the pain as meekly as a lamb. After he had been scourged, he was tormented by the soldiers. Hundreds of cruel

soldiers came round him and took off his clothes, and put on him some fine clothes like those which kings wear, only just to laugh at him ; and they took some thorns, and made a crown and put it on his head. You know that thorns are very sharp, and prick very much. How could the cruel men put thorns on that dear head ! Then they took a reed and put it in his hand for a sceptre, such as kings hold, and they knelt down to him, and said, " Hail, King of the Jews ! " How dreadful it must have been to hear the laughter of those soldiers ! But they did more than laugh ; they even dared to beat him on the head, and to spit in his face. How sweet Jesus must have looked, standing amongst them, bearing all their cruel treatment without saying an angry word !

Pilate saw Jesus, and he showed him to the people once more. Jesus came out of the great house where the soldiers had been tormenting him, dressed in his purple clothes, with his crown of thorns on his head. Pilate said to the people, " Behold your King ! " But did the sight melt their hard hearts ? Oh, no ; they still cried out, " Crucify him ! Crucify him ! " Then Pilate gave him up to be crucified. That very day Jesus was nailed up to the cross till he died. It was a painful death, but he bore it that we might not go to hell. If we believe in him, and love him, we shall go to heaven, and be with him for ever ; for

though Jesus died once, he was made alive again, and he went up into heaven, and he is there now, shining more bright than the sun.

You may read part of the history of Pontius Pilate in Matt. 27: 11-31; John 19: 1-7.

THOSE soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
While saints around adore.

CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

THERE is often a crowd of people to be seen in London. Why do the crowd come together? Is it to see the lord mayor pass along with the citizens in their gay clothing? Is it to look at the sparkling lamps on the walls when there is an illumination? Or is it to behold the queen in all her splendor, riding in her chariot of state? All these are joyful sights. The people who look out of their windows have smiles on their faces, and the little children clap their hands, and laugh with delight.

But sometimes there are sad sights, and crowds come to view. When a great man dies, and his body is carried to the tomb, how many wish to see the funeral. There is the hearse, covered with nodding plumes, and there is the train of coaches, all drawn by black horses, but the coffin is hidden, and the dead man's body is not seen. Oh, could we see it, so stiff and so pale, we should be shocked at the sight.

I am going to tell you of a much sadder sight than this: it was not in London this sight was seen, but in a city a great way off. There

was a crowd of people looking at one man ; that man was covered with blood ; his back was marked by the stripes of the rope, his forehead was pricked by thorns which had been fastened round his head, his face looked very sad, as if he had been shedding many tears ; his body was very thin, and his knees were so weak that he could hardly stand, yet there was a great piece of wood on his back, and he was dragging it along, but it seemed as if he could hardly move another step, it seemed as if he would faint and drop down dead by the way. There were some soldiers near the man—very cruel men, who laughed at him and abused him. But they did not wish him to die on the road, for they were going to kill him in another place ; they would not help him to drag the wood along, but they met a stranger, and they made him help to carry the wood. What was this wood for ? You shall know soon. All the crowd were not laughing at the poor man ; some were crying very much. There were some women who seemed very unhappy ; these women loved the poor man, and could not bear to see him ill-treated. Do you think that poor man is good ? See how gentle he looks ! Now hear him speak. How sweetly he speaks ! He turns round and tells the poor women not to cry about him. Not one rude word does that poor man say to all the wicked people who are laughing at him. Do you not think he must be good ?

At last the soldiers came to a place outside the town ; they stop the poor man—they take the wood off his shoulders—they lay it on the ground ; it is a very large piece of wood, and there is another piece nailed across it. It is a cross. The soldiers take off the poor man's clothes, and then they make him lie upon the cross ; they stretch out his hands, and strike a great nail through each palm ; they stretch out his legs, and strike great nails through his feet, and so they fasten him to the wood ; then they take hold of the cross and lift it up, and thrust it into a deep hole in the ground. Oh, what a jerk that was for those bleeding wounds in those hands and feet ! It is morning, about nine o'clock ; it is beginning to get hot, for the weather is hot. What a crowd collects round that cross ! What loud laughs are heard ! Some people say, " If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." And is he the Son of God ? Oh, yes, he is ; he came down from heaven to die instead of you and me, my child. We all deserve to die, and to go to hell. But the Son of God never did anything wrong ; it was very wicked in people to kill him. Is he angry with the wicked people ? What is he saying upon the cross ? He is praying to God his Father. This is what he says, " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." How kind to pray for the people who were killing him ! The soldiers do not pity him. What are they doing with those clothes ?

They are dividing them between them; the four soldiers tear the clothes into four parts; there is one garment, something like a shirt, only with no seam in it, but woven all in one piece; the soldiers do not like to tear that, so they cast lots for it, to see who will get it. These soldiers care for the clothes, but not for the Son of God. O foolish soldiers, that poor man whom you laugh at could give you better clothes than those—clothes that would never wear out. All the people who love the Son of God shall live with him, and wear white and beautiful clothes, and never be hungry any more, or thirsty, or sick, or unhappy.

Would you like to live with the Son of God? His name is Jesus, which means Saviour. He can save you from going to hell.

At last it is twelve o'clock; all at once it grows quite dark, though it is the middle of the day. No one now can see the face of Jesus. Do you not think the darkness must frighten the wicked people? It is a sign that God is angry. Still, the people go on mocking—they are not sorry for their cruelty. At last a voice is heard to say, "I thirst!" It is the voice of Jesus. He must be thirsty hanging for six hours upon that cross in the heat and in great pain. One of the soldiers dips a sponge in vinegar and puts it on the end of a stick, and lifts it up to the mouth of Jesus—it touches his dry lips—then a voice is heard

again, saying, "It is finished!" that means, it is all done.

Once more a loud voice is heard. It is Jesus praying his Father to take his soul, and then he bows his head and dies. Then the earth shakes, and great cracks are seen in the hard rocks, and the wicked people are very much afraid. Then it becomes light, and they can see the dead body of Jesus hanging on the cross. Where is his soul! With his Father in heaven. His pain is over; his sorrow is gone; he is happy now, and he will be happy forever. His body is put into the ground, but it soon rises out of the tomb, and goes up to God, for Jesus is the Son of God.

There are a great many souls with Jesus in heaven now. All who love him go up to be with him when they die, but the wicked are cast down into darkness with the devil. May you never go there! Jesus died to save you, but if you will go on being wicked he cannot save you. How glad Jesus is when any boy or girl says to him, "Jesus, save me!" How glad Jesus will be to take your soul to heaven when you die.

Would you read about the death of Jesus, look at Matt. 27: 31-54; Mark 25: 20-39; Luke 23: 26-48; John 19: 16-31.

ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die ?
Did he devote his sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin.

THE DYING THIEF.

SOME people fall sick, lie upon their beds, and die there. Some people meet with an accident, and are suddenly killed—they are burned, they are drowned, they are crushed under a wheel, or kicked by a horse, or dashed to pieces by a fall. Some people are put to death; they are accused of having murdered one of their fellow-creatures, and are hanged up by the neck till they die. Which of all these ways of dying is the most dreadful? Is it not the last? It is dreadful to be put to death on account of crimes we have done.

In our country, none but murderers are executed; but in other countries, thieves are often put to death. Here the punishment is hanging, but in other countries there are other ways of killing wicked men; in one place the head is cut off, in another the body is pierced with spears.

Sometimes good people are put to death. Wicked people accuse them, and the judge believes the accusers, and orders them to be executed. The best man who ever lived was put to death.

The Son of God once became a man; he

was called Jesus? Wicked men hated him, accused him, and killed him. How did they kill him? In a most cruel way. They took a large piece of wood, and placed another piece across it. Then they laid Jesus down upon the wood, and nailed his feet to the end of it, and they stretched out his arms, and nailed each hand to the end of the other piece of wood; then they lifted up the wood, and made it stand upright in the earth. The body of Jesus hung upon the cross, and the nails tore the tender flesh off his hands. Thus the Lord was crucified. There were two other men nailed upon crosses in the same place as Jesus. They were wicked men; they were thieves. They were crucified on each side of Jesus, one on the right hand, and the other on the left; they were very near him, and they could speak to him, and hear what he said. They saw the men passing by the cross of Jesus, and looking up and laughing; they heard them reading what was written over the cross, "This is the King of the Jews;" and they heard them say, "If he be the Son of God, let him come down from the cross;" and they could hear Jesus sweetly say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

And what did the thieves do when they saw and heard these things? One of the thieves began to mock and abuse Jesus, and he said, "If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us." That was not a good prayer. The thief asked

Jesus to save him, but he did not believe he could save him; he wanted to be saved from dying on the cross, but he did not care about being saved from the everlasting pains of hell.

The other thief was quite different. He was displeased to hear his fellow talk in this wicked way just as he was dying, and he spoke to him; for, though the cross of Jesus was between them, he could speak loud enough to make him hear. He asked him if he did not fear God, now that he was condemned to die; and told him that they deserved to die, but Jesus had done nothing wrong. You see that this thief was sorry for his sins; you see, also, that he believed that Jesus was quite good. I do not know what the other thief said, or whether he gave any answer. The thief who was sorry for his sins then spoke to Jesus. This was his prayer, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." The dying thief believed that Jesus was a King, and that he would one day sit upon a throne. Did Jesus grant the poor thief's prayer? He gave him such an answer as will surprise you, if you have never heard it before. He said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." What is paradise? It is heaven. That very day the poor thief was to be with Jesus in heaven. What a change for him! Instead of hanging on a cross, he would sit in the glorious palace of the King of kings; instead of hearing wicked men speak against

Jesus, he would hear the bright angels sing his praises ; instead of seeing the Son of God bleed and groan, he would see him shine like the light in the kingdom of his Father.

What a happy thing it was for that poor thief that his cross was placed so near the cross of Jesus ! It was better to be nailed there than to be lying on the softest bed anywhere else. Had not the thief been nailed to that cross, he might never have seen Jesus, he might never have believed in him, he might never have prayed to him, he might never have gone to live with him.

Was it long before that poor thief died ? Not long ; but Jesus died first. His last words were, " It is finished ! " and then he died, at three o'clock, in the afternoon. It was at nine in the morning that he had been nailed to his cross.

The thieves were still hanging alive on their crosses, when some soldiers came to see whether they were dead. When the soldiers saw that the thieves were alive, they broke their legs, and the pain killed them immediately. Then the thief who loved Jesus went to be with him. How glad the angels were to see this sinner saved from hell ! It was Jesus who had saved him. If Jesus had not died upon the cross, that thief must have gone to hell. It was the blood of Jesus that washed him from his sins ; it was the spirit of Jesus that made his heart sorry, and taught his

tongue to pray. How glad the thief must have been to see again that dear Friend who had died by his side.

But was it for that thief only that Jesus died? Oh, no; he died for all the thieves who ever have believed in him, and who ever shall believe in him. It is a wretched thing to be a thief; God has said, "Thou shalt not steal," and all who go on stealing shall be sent to hell. But if, when thieves, whether old or young, hear of Jesus, they are sorry for their wickedness, and ask him to forgive them, they shall be saved. If any sinner, when he hears this history, thinks in his heart, "I will go on stealing till I am just going to die, and then I will be sorry and ask God to pardon me," that sinner is in great danger of being sent to hell. God is very angry with him for intending to go on in his wickedness. I do not know what God will do to him, but he has cut off many sinners quite suddenly; he has taken them away in his anger, and given them no time to repent.

The history of the dying thief is to be found in Luke 23 : 32, 33, 39-43; John 19 : 30-32.

THE Saviour heard the poor thief's prayer
And promised he would take him where
Our God and angels dwell.

Alas ! his life was spent in sin :
What joy a heaven at last to win,
And to escape from hell !

And oh, for him what glad surprise,
When heavenly glories met his eyes,
And Christ array'd in light !

. He just had seen the dying pains
That had releas'd his soul from chains,
And everlasting night.

Ah ! sure of all the hosts that sing
The praises of their heavenly King,
His voice was loudest heard !
For when just trembling on the brink,
And just about in hell to sink,
The Lord for him appear'd.

CHRIST IN THE TOMB.

MOST children have heard that the Lord Jesus Christ was nailed upon a cross till he died. Do you know what was done with his dead body? Was it buried? Where was it buried? Who buried it? The Bible answers all these questions. There was a rich man who loved Jesus; his name was Joseph; he went to the judge, and said, "Do let me have the body of Jesus, who has been crucified." And the judge said, "Yes, you may have it."

It was right in Joseph not to be ashamed to ask for the body. It was thought a great disgrace to be crucified. Now, you know, it is a disgrace to be hanged, because it is murderers who are hanged. But though Jesus had never done one sin, he was crucified as if he had been a bad man. Joseph knew he was good; though people spoke against him, Joseph loved him still. Joseph was very glad when he got leave to have the body of his Lord. Another rich man went with Joseph; he was called Nicodemus.

Joseph and Nicodemus went together to the cross, and took the nails out of the hands of Jesus, and the nails out of his feet. What

marks were left in those dear hands and feet! How the blood had run down from the wound in his side! It is that blood which can wash our souls clean from all sin. Jesus shed it that sinners might be forgiven, and made good and holy.

In what was the body put when it was taken down from the cross? Not in a coffin; Joseph and his friend wrapped it in a clean, fine, white linen sheet; and they wrapped up with it a quantity of very nice sweet-smelling spices; it was a mixture of myrrh and aloes. But first they bound a cloth round his head—that head which the thorns had pierced; then they carried the bleeding body into a garden very near the cross. In this garden there was a rock, which was hard like stone, and rose up above the ground like a little hill. In the side of the rock there was a great hole—or cave. Joseph had once ordered this cave to be made. And why? That he might be buried there himself when he died. But now he was going to lay the body of Jesus in this cave. It was a sweet tomb, for no dead body had ever been laid there before. Joseph was glad that the Son of God should lie in his own grave. There was no door to it, so Joseph had a very great stone rolled before the mouth of the cave, that no beast or bird might come in to devour the precious body, and that no wicked man might steal it, and carry it away.

It was just as the sun was setting that the

body of our beloved Saviour was laid in the tomb. That night his friends shed many bitter tears, for they thought they should never see him again in this world. But Jesus could not remain in the grave ; his body could not corrupt, or turn to dust. And why not ? Because he had done no sin. Our bodies turn to dust when we die, because we are sinners. But Jesus had borne the punishment of our sins, and now all was over, and his spirit was with his Father in heaven, and his wounded body was resting for a little while in a tomb, and soon to rise again.

On the third day the Son of God rose from the dead, and now he sits at the right hand of his Father, and he will come again to raise the dead, and to judge the world.

“All that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth : they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life ; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.” John 5 : 29.

You will find accounts of the burial of the Lord Jesus Christ in Matt. 28 : 57-61 ; Mark 15 : 42-46 ; Luke 23 : 50-53 ; John 9 : 38, to end.

Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night,
Darkness covers all the sky !
Rocks are rending at the sight !
Children, can you tell me why ?
What can all these wonders be ?
Jesus dies at Calvary !

Nail'd upon the cross, behold
How his tender limbs are torn !
For a royal crown of gold,
They have made him one of thorn :
Cruel hands, that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind !

See, the blood is falling fast
From his forehead and his side !
Hark ! he now has breathed his last,
With a mighty groan he died !
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die ?

He, who was a King above,
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty he might save :
Down to this sad world he flew
For such little ones as you.

You were wretched, weak, and vile ;
You deserved his holy frown ;
But he saw you with a smile,
And, to save you, hasten'd down.
Listen, children, this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

Come then, children, come and see ;
Lift your little hands to pray ;
"Blessed Jesus, pardon me.
Help a guilty infant," say ;
"Since it was for such as I
Thou didst condescend to die."

THE WOMAN WEeping AT THE TOMB.



Who has not lost a friend? It may be that a child is reading this little book—but have you never lost a friend? Have you never seen a little brother or sister laid in its coffin? You loved that babe, so I called it your friend. Do you remember a kind old man who used to let you sit upon his knee? Perhaps you loved your grandfather, and were sorry when he died. Some poor little children have lost their father, and some have lost their mother. There is no friend in the world like a father or a mother. God is the best friend of all, and he can never die.

When the Son of God came down to be a man, he was killed by wicked men; his friends cried very much when he died. He had one friend called Mary Magdalene; he had been

very kind to her. Once seven devils had tormented her; Jesus delivered her out of her trouble, and sent the devils away. Ever afterwards Mary loved the Lord, and she listened to his sweet words, and she believed that he was the Son of God. When she saw him nailed to the cross, she was very unhappy. At last she saw the kind men come, and take down his body from the cross, and lay it in a beautiful grave in a garden. This grave was dug out of the side of a rock, and a very great stone was put before it. She went home to make sweet ointment, that she might bring it and put it on her dear Lord's body.

One morning she came very early to the grave with her ointment, and some other women were walking with her. But when she came within sight of the tomb, she saw that the great stone was rolled away; then she thought, "Some wicked people have rolled away the stone, and have stolen the dead body of my dear Lord." So she did not go any further, but ran back to the town to ask some good men to come and see what was the matter. She went to two men who loved Jesus very much; they were called Peter and John. As soon as they heard what Mary said, they set off, running as fast as they could. John ran the fastest, and got first to the grave and looked in; Peter soon came there, too, and went into it; then John went in, too. They saw the linen in which Jesus had been wrapped neatly

folded up, and they saw the cloth which had been bound round his head lying in a place by itself. If wicked men had stolen the body, would they have left the clothes? or, if in a hurry they had left the clothes, would they have folded them up so neatly? John now felt sure that Jesus was alive again. I do not know what Peter thought.

Both Peter and John went back to their own home. But Mary did not go home; she stayed by the tomb all alone, and crying very much. Soon she stooped down and looked in. And what did she see? The linen clothes? She saw two angels dressed in white; they were sitting on the ground; one was sitting where the bleeding head of Jesus had lain, and the other where his wounded feet had been. Was Mary frightened when she saw the angels? I think she did not know they were angels, for she was crying very much, and people cannot see clearly when they are crying.

The angels spoke to Mary. Angels speak kindly to every one who loves Jesus. The angels said, "Woman, why weepest thou?" Mary answered, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Then Mary turned round and saw some one else standing near her, but she did not know who it was; she thought it was the gardener. This man said to her, "Woman, why weepest thou?" She answered, "Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me

where thou hast laid him, that I may take him away." The stranger then spoke one word—"Mary." She knew that voice; it was the Lord who called her by name. She answered him by one word—"Master."

Who can tell what joy she felt at that moment! She wanted to keep him, and not to let him ever go away. But he said he soon must go up to his Father in heaven. Then he sent a message to all his dear friends, and he called them his brothers. This was the message: "I ascend to my Father and to your Father, and to my God and to your God." Then Mary went to tell the friends of Jesus that she had seen the Lord, and she told them all he had said to her. Mary was the very first person who saw the Lord after he rose from the grave.

Jesus has been gone into heaven a long while. He is there now. Should you like to see him in his glory? He will come again. He knows your name. Shall you like to hear his voice calling out Mary, or John, or whatever your name may be? Speak to him now; say, "Lord Jesus save me." Are you afraid that he will not save you, and do you cry when you think of your sins? Jesus sees your tears; he says, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

The history of Mary Magdalene is to be found in *Luke 8:2*; *John 20:1-18*.

HYMN FOR TWO CHILDREN.

(Each to say one line by turns.)

Who came from heaven to ransom me ?
Jesus, who died upon the tree.
Why did he come from heaven above ?
He came because his name was "Love."
And did he die—the Son of God ?
Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.
Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed ?
That we from evil might be freed.
When he had died, what happened then ?
On the third day he rose again.
Where did he go when he had risen ?
He went to God's right hand in heaven.
Where is he now ? Is he still there ?
Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer.
What does he pray for, and for whom ?
He prays that we to him might come.
Should we not come ? Should we not come ?
Oh, yes, Christ is the sinner's home ;
Christ is the weary sinner's home—
Oh, let us come ! oh, let us come !

THE HAPPY MORNING.

DID you ever get up very early in the morning, and walk in the streets just before it was light? You did not meet many people, did you? It was very quiet; the shops were shut the window-blinds were down, there were no cries to be heard, and no carriages rolling along, only a few carts; but there were workmen going to their work—they looked busy and cheerful. But there were some miserable creatures who had been drinking all night, slinking home. Ah, that was a sad sight!

I am going to tell you of three very good women, who were walking out very early in the morning. It was in a city a great way off, called Jerusalem. They looked as if they had been crying a great deal. What could be the matter? If you could have heard what they said, you might have guessed where they were going. One of the women said to the others, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" You see they were going to a tomb. They had lost some dear friend, who was buried in a grave. It must have been a different sort of grave from those in our churchyards, because the graves

there are filled up with earth ; but this grave had a great stone put before it.

What do these women carry in their hands? Some jars full of very sweet-smelling ointment and spices. That sweet stuff is for the dead body.

Let us watch to see where these women go. It is not to a churchyard, but to a garden. A garden is a sweet place. What child does not love a garden with its shady walks and gay flower-beds, its smooth lawns and pleasant arbors? But did you ever see a tomb in a garden? In our country, the dead are not buried in gardens ; but this grave was in a country a great way off. In this garden there was a great rock, and in the side of the rock there was a cave, and there a dead body had been laid, and a stone had been rolled close to the place to stop up the entrance.

When the women came to the garden, the sun was rising, and everything was beginning to look bright. They soon caught sight of the rock. How much were they surprised to see the great stone rolled away from before the tomb! Were they glad? Oh, no ; they were frightened, for they were afraid that some thieves had been there, and taken away the dead body of their dear friend ; so they went into the tomb to look for it ; and there they found, not a dead body, but a bright angel. A young man was sitting there dressed in a long white garment ; he was one of those good and

beautiful creatures who live with God in heaven. The women were very much afraid when they saw him. But he spoke kindly to them; he said, "Be not afraid: ye seek Jesus who was crucified; he is not here, for he is risen. Come see the place where the Lord lay."

Now, my children, you know who the dear friend was whose body the women were looking for. It was Jesus, the Son of God; he had died three days ago, but God his Father had made him alive again. He died to save us from going to hell; but he soon rose out of his grave, for he wished to take us to heaven. The women were too glad when they heard what the kind angel said; they could hardly believe him, yet they knew he would not tell them lies. The angel next desired them to tell all the friends of Jesus that he was alive; and then he added, "Ye shall see him." Oh, what a promise this was! How they did long to see Jesus again! They ran quickly from the tomb; they were very happy, yet very much afraid; they trembled as they went, but they ran as fast as ever they could, and never stopped to speak to anybody they met on the way. Yet before they had gone far, they met some one who spoke to them, and they stopped gladly to answer him. They did not expect to see him so soon. It was Jesus himself. The last time they had seen him he was bleeding, and his hands and his feet were pierced with great nails, and his

forehead torn by cruel thorns ; but now he was quite happy ; he would bleed no more, nor weep any more. When he saw the women, he told them to rejoice and be happy. They came near him and held his feet—those feet that had been pierced by nails—the marks were still there ; and they worshipped him as the angels do in heaven, for Jesus is God. Yet still they were frightened. Jesus said, “ Be not afraid ; go and tell my brethren that they shall see me.” Jesus could not stay with the women ; he wanted to see his brethren. These women were his sisters ; he called them sisters, because he loved them. Jesus calls all his friends his brothers and sisters. Should you like to be his little brother, and would you like to be his little sister ? If you love him, he reckons you among his brothers and sisters. He has a great many ; some are very poor, and even ragged, but he loves them as well as the children who wear silk frocks and new coats. I do not know your name, but Jesus does. The name of one of the women was Mary, and the other was called Salome. May you be like those women. They are now with Jesus in heaven, for he is still alive. He never died again, but he went up to heaven, in a cloud, and there he sits on a throne far beyond the brightest star ; and he sees all that happens down in this world, and he hates all wickedness ; and if you wish to please him, you will try to leave off a^l wicked ways, and you wil.

pray to God to give you his Holy Spirit to make you good. I should like you to go to that happy place where Jesus is, and to see the angels, and to sing with them for ever and ever.

This history is written in Matt. 28: 1-10; Mark 16: 1-8.

MARY's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness,
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James's faith by works reveal :
Like young 'Timothy may I
Every sinful passion fly.

Most of all, may I pursue
That example Jesus drew ;
By my life and conduct show
How he liv'd and walk'd below ;
Day by day, through grace restor'd
Imitate my blessed Lord.

THE HAPPY EVENING.

DID you ever spend a happy evening? I do not call it a happy evening when men meet together in a public-house to drink. It may be a merry evening, but it is not a happy one; it often ends in quarrelling and fighting, and the next day is very miserable, for the men find their money is gone, and their heads are heavy and full of pain. I do not call it a happy evening when children play in the streets till it is dark, and make a riot, and behave rudely to the people who are passing; for when they get home they are not happy. They have nothing pleasant to think of as they lie in their beds; they remember they have made a great noise, and laughed very loud, till the neighbors were angry at their rudeness; this does not make them feel happy.

But what is a happy evening? No one can be happy who is not wishing and trying to be good. It is children who love God and wish to please him, who are the happy children. When they go and pick flowers in the fields they feel happy, and when they sit at home and repeat their little hymns to their mothers they are happy; and even when they are

sick and going to die they are happy, because they know they are going to heaven, that happy, happy place.

I am going to tell you now of some people who loved God very much, and of a very happy evening they spent. You have heard how the Son of God, Jesus, once lived in this world, and how he was killed by wicked men, and nailed to a cross of wood. Two days after he had died, some of his friends were in a room together; they were talking about him. Some of them said to the others, "We have seen him; he is alive again." Others said, "We have not seen him." How much they did wish to see him! All in a moment Jesus stood in the midst of the room. How had he got in, for the doors were locked? He could get in whether doors were locked or unlocked; it made no difference to him, for Jesus is God, and can do all things.

Jesus spoke to his friends; these were his words, "Peace be unto you!" which means, "Be happy; I will make you happy." But though he spoke so sweetly, and looked so kindly at them, his friends were frightened; they thought it could not be Jesus himself, because they had seen him die upon the cross: they thought it might be a ghost or spirit, but not the body of their dear Lord. Jesus knew they were frightened, for he sees into people's hearts, and knows all they think. So he told them not to be afraid, but to look

at his hands and his feet. He said, "See, it is I myself. . A spirit has not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." Then his friends looked at his hands; they saw the marks of the great nails which had fastened those dear hands to the cross, and when they looked at his feet they saw the marks of the nails in them also. Then they looked at his side, and they saw the deep hole which the spear had made; for a soldier had pierced that tender side with his spear, and made the blood flow out upon the ground. Those marks did not hurt Jesus now; no one could hurt him now; he never could feel pain again, nor could he die any more.

When his friends had seen those marks, *then* they knew that it was Jesus who spoke to them; and oh, how glad they were! I do not think you were ever so glad in all your life as they were at that minute, for they loved Jesus so very much. They knew he had died to save them from going to hell. Oh, how they loved him! Yet still they could hardly believe it was Jesus himself; it seemed too wonderful that he should be alive again. Then Jesus said, "Have ye here any meat?" He meant to eat something before them to show them he was a real man, and not a ghost or spirit. There was a little food in the room; it was the sort of food that poor people generally ate in that country—a piece of broiled fish, and a piece of a honeycomb. Jesus began to eat this food while all his

friends looked at him ; then they were sure he was really alive again, and that he was a man like themselves. But Jesus was God as well as man, and he soon showed them that he was. He told them to go and tell people how he had died and lived again ; and then he breathed on them, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." How wonderful this was ! His breath was not like our breath. With his breath he gave them the Holy Spirit of God to make them wise and good.

Where is Jesus now ? He did not stay always with his friends in this world ; he went up to heaven to his Father ; he is with his Father now. But he will come again. If he were to come into this room this evening, should you be glad to see him ? He knows whether you love him. Do you ever speak to him, now he is in heaven ? He knows whether you do. Do you ever think when you are at play, "Jesus sees me now ; I will not grieve him by saying wicked words ?" He knows your thoughts. When he comes again, I hope he will call you by your name, and say, "Come, come, come to me, my child." He will say to some people, "Go away." How dreadful that will be !

You will find this history in Luke 24 : 35-43 ; John 20 : 19-23

How sweet are the flowerets
In April and May !
But often the frost makes
Them wither away.
Like flowers, you may fade
Are you ready to die ?
While " yet there is room,"
To a Saviour fly.

Do you ask me for pleasure ?
Then lean on his breast,
For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest.
In the valley of death
You will triumphing cry,
' If this be called dying,
'Tis pleasant to die !"

CHRIST GOING UP TO HEAVEN.

ONCE the Son of God walked about this world, but he is not here now. Where is he? Jesus the Son of God, is in heaven; he is sitting on the throne of God his Father. When did he go there? Oh, it is a long while ago since he went up to heaven. I will tell you how it was. Surely you would like to know all about it.

On the day that he meant to go up to heaven, he took a walk with some of his dear friends. They loved him very much, as well they might. Six weeks before, he had been nailed to a cross, and killed, and buried. But he had soon come out of his grave; and now the marks of the nails might be seen on his hands and feet, and the mark of a great spear in his side, but the places were quite well, they did not bleed now, though once they had bled a great deal. Whenever his friends looked at those marks, they thought of his love in dying for them; for it was for their sins he died, and not for theirs only, but for your sins, also, my child.

His friends liked to walk with him and to talk with him. About what did Jesus speak? About his Father, and about heaven. He told

his friends he should soon leave them, but he made them a promise. What was it? He said that he would send the Holy Spirit down from heaven to be with them. Who is the Holy Spirit? He is God; he comes down and fills the hearts of God's people. It is pleasant to see Jesus, and to walk about with him; but it is still better to have the Holy Spirit in our hearts, for the Holy Spirit makes people good and happy.

Where was Jesus when he took his last walk with his friends? He was in a town called Jerusalem, and he walked into the country. How sweet is a country walk! Children who live in towns are delighted when their fathers say to them, "I shall take you to the green fields to-day." Then the children think, "We shall hear the birds sing, and we shall gather flowers, from the hedges, and see the little lambs by the side of their mothers; we shall play about and be so happy." And even grown-up people like to go into the country. If they wish to talk about God, they like to walk in a quiet place among shady trees. Jesus took his friends by his favorite path; he led them down into a low place over a little stream, then by a garden where olive trees grew—then up a green mountain called Olivet. When they were at the top, he began to pray with them. While he prayed, he lifted up his hands to bless them. In a moment he was gone—a cloud took him up. His friends looked up,

and the cloud was going up higher and higher, till at last it looked like a speck, and then could not be seen at all.

But on the mountain-top there stood two men ; they were angels, dressed in white. No one can tell how bright angels look, or how sweetly they speak. These angels had come to comfort the friends of the Lord Jesus. They asked them why they stood looking up towards heaven ; and told them that Jesus should come again in the same way that they had seen him go into heaven.

Has Jesus come again ? Not yet ; but he will come. Those angels would not have told lies ; they know that Jesus will one day come down here again, and that they shall come with him. What a glorious day it will be ! Some people will be very much frightened when they see him ; they will howl, and shriek, and try to hide themselves in deep holes, but they will not be able to get away. The angels will seize them, and shut them in that dark and burning place where Satan will torment them for ever and ever. But some people will be glad to see Jesus ; they will say, " This is our God ; we have waited for him." Should you be glad, my dear child, to see Jesus this day ? We know not when he will come. Have you prayed to him to-day ? Do you love him ?

But what became of the friends of Jesus who were standing on Mount Olivet looking up into the sky ? They could not stay with

the angels, they went back to Jerusalem. Did they go back crying and sobbing, and saying, "We have lost our dearest friend?" Oh, no; they went back quite glad, for they had not lost Jesus; they knew where he was gone; they knew he would pray to his Father, and that he would send down the Holy Spirit very soon. So they waited at Jerusalem as Jesus had told them, and in ten days Jesus did send down the Holy Spirit upon his dear friends.

There is a sweet name given to the Holy Spirit; it is this, the Comforter. Why is he called the Comforter? Because he comforts people when they are in trouble. When we are unhappy we like to be comforted. If a little child falls down and hurts itself, it runs crying to its mother; it wants to be comforted. And oh, how tenderly a mother comforts her little darling! She takes it on her knees and kisses it, and says, "Tell mother what is the matter. Has it hurt its dear little hand?" and then she kisses the hand, and the child soon leaves off crying, and leans its head upon its mother's bosom.

But no mother can comfort us as the Holy Spirit can. He tells people that God loves them, and has forgiven their sins, and will take them to heaven. My child, ask God for his Holy Spirit, and he will hear you.

You may find the history of Jesus going up to heaven in Luke 24: 50, to end; Acts 1: 1-12.

THERE is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in light,
Adore the Lord most high.
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
And soon shall hear the trumpet's sound.
We hope to meet at Jesus' feet,
And never, never part again !
What, never part again ?
No never part again ?
What, never part again ?
No, never part again.
We hope to meet at Jesus' feet,
And never, never part again.

THE HOLY SPIRIT COMING DOWN FROM HEAVEN.

EVERY one likes to hear good news. If a person comes into a room and says, "I have some good news to tell you," every one looks up, and says, "Do tell us." What was the best news ever told to people in this world? It was this: "Jesus has died to save you." Who told this news first? It was the twelve apostles: they were twelve friends who walked about with Jesus, the Son of God, when he was in this world; they saw him nailed to the cross, they saw him after he rose out of his grave, and they saw him go up to heaven in the clouds.

Before Jesus went up, he told them to go, and tell good news to every creature. What good news? That Jesus had died to save sinners. But how could the apostles tell this good news to every creature? There are a great many different languages in the world; some people speak English, and some French, and some Italian, and some German. The apostles did not know all the languages; they knew their own language which was the Jewish language; but Jesus could make them

know every language. Before he went up into heaven, he told them he would send down the Holy Spirit to help them to preach the good news. Who is the Holy Spirit? He is God. In heaven there is the Father, the Son, and the Spirit; these three are one God, one is not greater than the other; they are three in one, and one in three. This is a great wonder which nobody can understand; but we may be sure it is true, for God has said it. It was the Father who sent his Son to die for the world; it was the Son who died upon the cross; and it is the Holy Spirit who comes into people's hearts, and makes them good, and wise, and happy.

After Jesus was gone up into heaven, the twelve apostles lived in a city called Jerusalem, in a large room up stairs. A great many people who loved Jesus, used to come very often and pray with them. Some of these were women, and one of them was Mary the mother of Jesus. Ten days passed away, and then a very wonderful thing happened. It was in the morning, before nine o'clock. The apostles and their friends were praying together in that large room, when suddenly a great noise was heard from heaven. It was like the noise of the wind when it blows very hard, and this sound filled the whole house where the apostles were sitting. But there was not only a noise, there was a wonderful sight, too. There were seen tongues, which

looked like fire, and these tongues were not in one whole piece, but divided. They came and sat upon each of the people in the room. Immediately these people were filled with the Holy Spirit, and they began to speak in different languages which they had never learned. What did they speak about? They gave the message which Jesus had told them to give—"Jesus died to save sinners." They did not stay in the room up stairs, but went into the street, that every one might hear them. At that time there were in Jerusalem a great many people from other countries, for it was a great day among the Jews, and those Jews who lived in distant places came to Jerusalem to worship God on that day. How much surprised they were to hear people who had never learned, speaking so many different languages! Some wicked people were there who said, "These men are drunk." I suppose these people did not understand the strange languages, and thought that the apostles were talking nonsense. Soon there was a great crowd in the streets of Jerusalem; they were saying to one another, "What can this be?" Then one of the apostles named Peter stood up to preach. This was the first sermon that was preached after Jesus had gone up to heaven. The crowd listened to it very attentively. What was it about? It was about the message: Peter told the crowd, that the man who had been nailed to the cross a little

while ago was the Son of God, and that he had sent down his Holy Spirit from heaven. Peter said, "You were so wicked as to kill him, but God his Father has raised him out of his grave, and taken him to heaven. He is now your King, and he has sent down the Holy Spirit." When the people heard that they had crucified the Son of God, some of them were very unhappy; they remembered how he had been treated—how he had been spit upon, and crowned with thorns; how his back had been torn with the scourge, and his hands with the nails; they remembered how they had laughed at him as he was dying, and how meekly he had borne all their jeers. No wonder they were unhappy now; they came to the apostles and said, "What shall we do?" Then Peter said, "Repent." He told them that Jesus would forgive them; and he said he would baptize them, or wash them in water, as Jesus had washed away their sins with his blood. He even said that God would give them the Holy Spirit.

How happy the men were then to think that Jesus would forgive all their wickedness! What a comfort that was! Yes, dear child, he will forgive you, too, if you ask him. It was for your sins as well as mine he died. If no one had ever sinned Jesus would never have died upon the cross. Were there many people who were sorry for having killed Jesus? A great many—three thousand. It is a large

church which can hold a thousand people ; there is hardly any church that can hold three thousand.

I wish people now would believe the preachers when they stand in the pulpit and say, "Jesus has died to save sinners." But very few believe. Most people go away from the house of God, thinking about their money, or their dress, or their play, or their plans. But some people go home to pray to God in secret, and to say, "What have I done?" and some go to the minister and say, "What shall I do?"

You may read this history in Acts 2.

THE TWO LIARS.

Do you know who is the father of lies? It is a creature called Satan. He was once a bright angel in heaven, but a long while ago he grew wicked, and God cast him down into a dark place called hell, and a great many other angels with him. Satan and his angels are called devils. They come into this world, and do a great deal of harm here, and teach people to be wicked.

There are a great many different ways of being wicked. One of these ways is lying.

Satan told the first lie that ever was told in this world. He told it to the first woman whom God had made. Her name was Eve. God had told Eve, that if she ate the fruit of a certain tree she should die, and Satan said she should not die. That was a dreadful lie. Eve ate the fruit, and she died.

Now I am going to tell you of two liars who lived a long while after Eve was dead. They were a husband and a wife. The name of the man was Ananias, and the name of the woman was Sapphira. They agreed together to tell a lie; this was the lie. They had a piece of land, and they sold it for some money; then

they said to each other, "Let us take *some* of the money and give it to a good minister called Peter, and tell him to give it to the poor." Was not this very good in them? Yes, it seems good. But now hear the lie they meant to tell. "Let us make Peter think that we have given *all* the money we got for the land to the poor." Oh, this was the lie! They wanted to seem very good and generous, but they did not like to part with all their money; so they made up their minds to tell a horrible lie. They might have kept all their money, but why tell a lie?

Ananias went with part of the money to Peter, and gave it him for the poor. But Peter knew that he meant to deceive him, and he said to Ananias, "Why hath Satan filled thy heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? While it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." As soon as Ananias heard these words, he dropped down dead. Everybody who heard of his death was very much afraid, for they knew he had been struck dead by God for telling a lie. Some young men came, and wrapped him in a cloth, and carried him out and buried him.

His wife Sapphira did not hear what had happened to her husband. About three hours after his death, she came into the house where

Peter was. Then Peter asked her for how much she had sold the land. And she said she had sold it for less than she really had, in hopes of making Peter think that she had given away *all* the money.

As soon as she had told the lie, Peter said, "How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? Behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out." Immediately she fell down at Peter's feet and died; and the young men came in and found her dead, and carried her out, and buried her by her husband. So in one day these two liars died and were buried.

If God were to strike all liars dead, how many sudden deaths would take place! But God is very patient, and bears with sinners a long while, that they may have time to repent and to ask for pardon. For God will pardon sinners if they ask him. Yes, he will pardon liars who wish to leave off telling lies. The reason why he is so ready to pardon is, because he is kind and merciful, and because he gave his only Son Jesus Christ to die upon the cross to save sinners from being punished.

But there is a place to which all liars who are not pardoned will be sent one day. It is a burning lake—not a lake of water, but a lake of fire. Satan, the father of lies, will be cast into it, and so will all his children, all liars are his children. These are the words of

God. "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."—Rev. 21 : 8.

You can read about those two liars, Ananias and Sapphira, in Acts 5 : 1–11.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment-day.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there—
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?

Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

Oh may I now forever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

FOR ME.

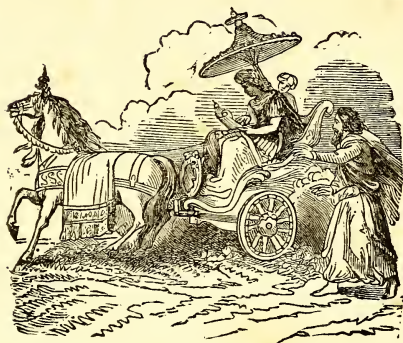
Lord, to thy mercy-seat I come,
And bow before thy throne ;
Here at thy footstool will I plead
The merits of thy Son.

Though crimes of deepest dye appear,
And justice bids thee slay ;
Yet in thy mercy will I trust,
To wash my sins away.

My only hope is in that blood,
For me on Calvary shed ;
My only plea is this—for me,
For me my Saviour bled.

For me upon the cross he hung,
For me passed through the tomb ;
For me to glory rose, and there,
Prepares my happy home.

THE MAN IN THE CHARIOT.



A LONG while ago there lived a good man name Philip. An angel once spoke to him, and told him to go into a desert place. A desert is a place where there are no cornfields, very little grass, and very few trees. People do not live in deserts, but sometimes they pass through them when they are travelling. Why did the angel desire Philip to go to a desert? You will soon see the reason why Philip went.

When he got to the desert, he saw a chariot passing along. In this chariot a very rich man was riding. The Spirit of God said to Philip, "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot." So Philip went close up to it. There was a very dark man, almost black, sitting in the chariot,

reading aloud. The carriage went so slowly and so softly over the sand that Philip could hear what the man was reading. Philip listened, and he heard the words, "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearers, so he opened not his mouth." Philip knew that these words were in the Bible, and he understood what they meant, but he thought that the rich man did not understand so he said to him, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" The rich man answered, "How can I, except some man should guide me?"

You see that the rich man was not proud. A proud person is ashamed to say he does not understand; a proud person does not like to be taught. But this rich man wished Philip to teach him, and he asked him to come up and sit in the chariot by his side. As soon as Philip was seated in the carriage, the rich man said to him, "Of whom speaketh the prophet this; of himself, or of some other man?" Then Philip told the rich man who that meek Lamb was. How many little children now know who that Lamb was! Jesus was the Lamb of God who was nailed to the cross for our sins, and like a sheep when the shearer is shearing him, so he was gentle and quiet while the wicked people were tormenting him.

Philip told the rich man a great deal about Jesus. He told him, also, that people who believed in Jesus were baptized, or washed in water, to show that their sins were washed

away in the blood of Christ. When the rich man heard Philip say this, he wished very much to be baptized. At last he saw some water. There is not much water in the desert, but now and then there is a pool or a narrow stream to be seen. The rich man was glad to see the water, and he cried out, "Here is water. "Why cannot I be baptized?" Then Philip said, "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." The rich man replied, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." Then the rich man desired the driver to stop the carriage, and he got out, and so did Philip, and they went down into the water, and Philip baptized the rich man. Did Philip get into the carriage again, and go home with his new friend? No; the Spirit of God caught him away, and put him down into a town a great way off.

How much surprised the rich man must have been to find that Philip was gone away so suddenly! But he was not unhappy. Now he could understand the Bible; now he believed in Jesus; now he was baptized in his name, and he was a true Christian. He knew that Jesus loved him, and he would take him to live with him forever. Could he be unhappy? He got into his chariot again full of joy, and he went back to his own country. It was a heathen country, where people worshipped idols. But soon the people turned from idols to serve the living and true God.

Do you think the rich man often read over that verse, "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter?" This was the first verse about the Lord Jesus that he ever knew. Is there any verse that you are very fond of? Perhaps you learned some little verse a long while ago about Christ that you will never forget.

If you want to find the verse about the Lamb, look for Isaiah 53: 7. If you want to read more about this rich man, look for Acts 8: 26, to the end.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one array'd,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing glory, glory.

Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise, as now they do,
The Lord who loved them so
Singing glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love ?
How came those children there ?
Singing glory, glory.

Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin ;
Bathed in that pure and precious blood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing glory, glory.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they lov'd his name ;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory, glory.

THE MAN WHO SAW THE GREAT LIGHT.

SAUL was once a very wicked man. He lived in the world soon after Jesus had been crucified, and after he had gone to sit on his Father's throne in heaven. Saul had heard of Jesus, but he did not love him. He did not believe that he was the Son of God; and he hated all those people who did believe in him. Saul was a very cruel man; he went about from one city to another to get hold of good people, and to put them in prison. The judges in those days were wicked, and allowed Saul to send good people to prison. Once when wicked men were throwing large stones at a very good man called Stephen, Saul stood and looked on quite pleased; and when he saw Stephen fall down dead, bleeding and covered with bruises, he was not sorry.

At last he set out on a journey to a city called Damascus. Why did he go there? To put in prison those who loved the Lord Jesus. He did not go alone; some men went with him to help him. It was about twelve o'clock in the middle of the day when he came near Damascus. The sun was shining

bright, when suddenly a greater light than the sun was seen in the sky. It was so great a light, that Saul could not bear to look at it; he fell to the ground, and the men that were with him also fell to the ground. While they were all lying on their faces very much frightened, Saul heard a voice speaking from the sky. No one heard it but Saul. Whose voice was it? It was a voice that you have never heard, but you will hear it one day. It was the voice of the Lord Jesus Christ. And what did Jesus say? He said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" What did he mean by these words? He meant that he was grieved because Saul tried to hurt his people; for Jesus loves his people very much indeed. Did Saul answer the Lord Jesus? Yes, he did; he said, "Who art thou, Lord?" Then the Lord said, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest; it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." While Saul had been trying to hurt good people, he had only been hurting himself. It would be silly in a child to kick against spikes; he would only hurt his own little feet, and make them bleed.

All this time Saul was very much frightened; he was now sorry for his wickedness, and he said to the Lord, "What wilt thou have me to do?" Then the Lord said, "Arise, go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou shalt do." When Saul got up from the ground, he found that he was blind—the great

light had blinded his eyes. The other men were not blind, and they led him by the hand into Damascus, and they took him to a lodging in a street called Straight-street; there he stayed, thinking of his sins, and of the Lord Jesus Christ. The other men could not comfort him, for they had not heard the voice, nor had they seen the Lord, as Saul had. But God sent a good man to comfort him. This man was called Ananias, and he spoke kindly to Saul, and put his hands on him and said, "Brother Saul, receive thy sight." Immediately Saul was able to see. Then he was baptized, and afterwards he took some food, and began to feel stronger.

Ananias told Saul what the Lord wished him to do. What was it? To preach about Jesus; to tell everybody how he had been crucified for their sins, and that he was ready to forgive them, and that he was sitting at the right hand of the Father, and that he would come again to judge the world. And did Saul do what the Lord commanded? Oh, yes; he spent the rest of his days in preaching about Jesus. Wicked people hurt him, as he had once hurt good people. One day they threw great stones at him, till he seemed to be dead, and eight times they beat him in a cruel manner. Often they put him in prison, and at last they killed him,

Saul is now called *Paul*. He had two names. When he was alive some people

called him Saul, and some called him Paul. Now he is dead, everybody calls him Paul. He wrote a great many beautiful letters, and they are printed in the Bible. Children cannot understand all these letters, but they can understand part. Here is a verse which Paul wrote, that you can understand: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." 1 Tim. 1: 15.

You will find the history of Paul seeing the light in Acts 9: 1-22; 22: 1-21; 26: 1-20

HYMN FOR A POOR NEGRO.

WE love the Lord; he came to save
Poor negro from the sinner's grave:
Though we are black, and mean, and vile,
Lord Jesus, on poor negro smile.

We love him, and we would not break
The least command our Saviour spake;
But pray him, by his precious blood,
To make us humble, faithful, good.

Soon comes the night—the bright beams go,
And all is dark above, below;
But by and by the sun will rise,
And sweetly shine in morning skies.

Poor negro! he so dark in face,
And dark the lot of negro race;

But be our Saviour's blessing given,
And he shall rise to shine in heaven.

Then black and white, and bond and free,
The servants of our Lord shall be ;
And nothing shall be heard above,
But sounds of praise, and peace, and love

THE MAN WHO SAW HEAVEN BEFORE HE DIED.

MANY children have some playfellow of whom they are very fond. Perhaps there is some child whom you like to be with. Have you any favorite friend whom you like to walk with, and to talk to, and sit by? I hope it is a good child who is your friend. If he is bad, I fear he will make you as bad as himself.

There once was a man who was the friend of the Son of God. What a happy man he must have been! Would you like to hear about him?

The Son of God once lived down in this world, and his name was Jesus. He had many friends. His dearest friend was called John; John was a poor fisherman, but he left his boats and his nets, that he might go about with Jesus from place to place, and hear his sweet words.

At last the time came when Jesus must leave his dear friends. The evening before he died, he took supper with twelve of his friends. It was the custom in that hot country for people to lie down at supper to rest themselves. John lay down next to Jesus, and he leaned

his head upon his Lord's bosom. Was it not pleasant to be so near the Son of God?

That night Jesus went into a garden to pray, and John went with him, and so did the other friends—all but one, who did not really love his Lord. Some wicked men came to the garden and bound Jesus with ropes and led him away. John was afraid of going with his Lord; he left him, and went a good way off. But afterwards he went to look for him; he saw him hanging upon his cross of wood, with nails through his hands and feet. John stood near the cross, and next to John stood a woman? Who was it? Mary, the mother of Jesus. How unhappy she was to see her dear son dying on a cross! Jesus loved his mother; he looked at her, and then at John, and he said to her, "Behold thy Son!" He meant that John was to be her son. And he said to John, "Behold thy mother!" John understood what his Lord meant, and very soon afterwards he took the poor mother to his own home. Do you not think he must have loved the mother of his dear Lord? I am sure he liked to take care of her.

John saw his Lord die upon the cross that day at three o'clock, and he saw the soldiers come to see whether he was dead, and he saw one of them thrust a spear into the side of Jesus. The spear did not hurt him, because he was dead, but from his side blood and water came flowing out. It was very strange to see

water as well as blood. It is the precious blood of Jesus that washes away sin. Water can make your body clean, but the blood of Jesus can make your heart clean. Wickedness is like dirt. Jesus died to take away our sins. Do you want to have your sins taken away? Then think how Jesus died upon the cross that you might not go to hell, then pray to God and say, "Forgive my sins, because Christ died." God in heaven will hear your little prayer, if you say it from your heart. John was very unhappy when Jesus was dead, and he shed tears of sorrow. But in three days Jesus was alive again. A woman came one morning to tell John that Jesus was alive, and John ran very fast to his grave to see whether it was true. Another of the friends of Jesus ran with him. His name was Peter. John got to the grave first, and looked in. When Peter got there, he went in, for the grave was made in the side of a rock, and you could walk into it as into a room. After Peter had gone in, John went there too, and he saw the white linen clothes that had been wrapped round Jesus lying in the grave—not all in a heap together, but folded up. Then John believed that his Lord was really alive; for at first he thought some thieves had stolen his dead body, but he knew that thieves would not have folded up the clothes and left them in the grave.

That very evening John saw his dear Lor'

again. How much pleased he was to see him all at once standing in the room! He saw him again another day by the water-side; and another day he walked with him up a high hill; he heard him pray, and suddenly he saw a cloud come and take him up into heaven. John could not go up in the cloud with him; he staid down in this world, and told everybody about Jesus, and how he died upon the cross to take away our sins.

Did John ever see his Lord again? Yes. When he was a very old man, he was sent to a place called Patmos; there was water all round it and a great many wicked people were sent to this land as a punishment for their crimes. But had John done some wicked thing? No; he had not stolen, nor killed any one; he had preached about Jesus, and a cruel king sent him to this place as a punishment. One day (it was the Lord's day) he heard a voice behind him like the sound of a trumpet, and he turned to see who it was, and he saw Jesus—not looking as he once had done, but shining very bright—yes, as bright as the sun shines at noon. John was so much surprised, that he fell at the feet of Jesus as if he had been dead. But Jesus touched him with his right hand, and said, "Fear not; I am the first and the last. I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore." Then Jesus talked to him, and told him to write down what he

said in a book ; and John did write it, and you may read what Jesus said to him. Afterwards John saw the angels in heaven, and saw people who once lived in this world, all clothed in white, and looking so happy and singing so sweetly, and he saw Jesus sitting on his throne with God his Father. It was an angel who showed him all the beautiful sights in heaven. John was so much pleased with what he saw, that he was going to worship the angel ; but the angel said, "See thou do it not ; worship God." We must not even worship angels, because they are only creatures whom God made.

Jesus spoke again to John, and told him that he would open the gates of heaven to let in people who did his commandments, but that he would not let any liars come in. "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Jesus will come again to this world. He said to John, "Behold, I come quickly." And John said, "Come, Lord Jesus." He has not come yet. John has been dead a long while ; his spirit is in heaven with Jesus.

Do you wish to live with Jesus ? Have you told lies ? Are you afraid of going into that burning lake ? Beg Jesus to wash away your lies in his blood ; he has forgiven a great many liars, and I know he would forgive you. There are many now singing glory in heaven

unto Him that loved them, and washed them from their sins in his own blood. Rev. 1: 5.

There is something about John in the last chapter of the Bible.

ABOUT GOD AND HEAVEN.

BRIGHT angels bow before his face,
And saints stand waiting round his throne,
And in that holy, happy place,
No sinful thoughts or words are known.









